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MUTUAL+IMPROVEMENT+ASSOCIATIONS
OF+THE+LATTER-DAY+SAINTS.

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THE CONTRIBUTOR.

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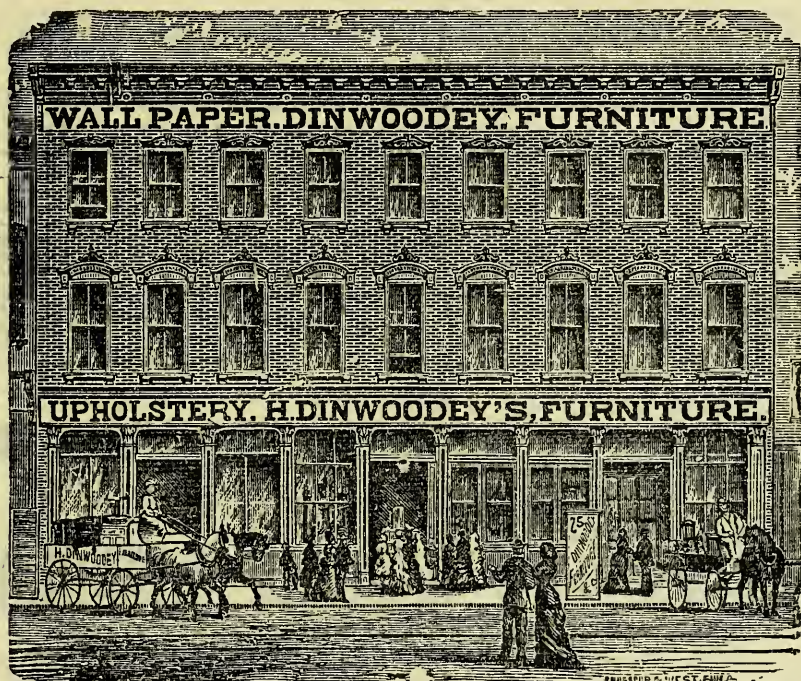
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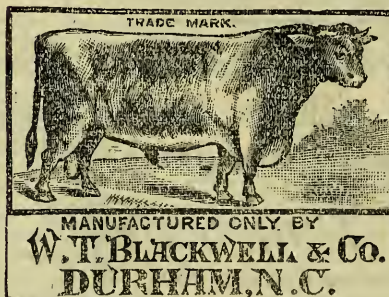
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The Glory of God is Intelligence.

VOL. VII.

JANUARY, 1886.

No. 4.

THE MISSOURI PERSECUTIONS.

IV.

STRANGE as it may appear, and almost past believing, it is our task in these pages to chronicle events which have taken place in the nineteenth century—in this age of boasted enlightenment and toleration,—that shall make the expulsion of the French peasants from Acadia pale in comparison with them; events which have occurred in America, in the United States, the boasted asylum for the oppressed of all nations; events which would be more in keeping with the intolerance of the dark ages and the cruelty of Spain, during the reign of the Inquisition, than in this age and in this nation. What events are these that so thunder in the index? Such deeds as outrage humanity, and destroy one's confidence in all human governments; mock justice; deride the claims of mercy; lead liberty weeping in chains to captivity; and pull down the wrath of an offended God upon the people who perform them, and upon the nation that winks at their enactment. Listen :

"The month of November, 1833, was big with important events for the members of the Church in Jackson county. That month witnessed the expulsion of twelve hundred American citizens of the United States from the homes which they had purchased from the General Government. The events of that month branded the sovereign state of Missouri with an infamy that will cling to her as long as the name is remembered on earth or in heaven; and when her officials of that period shall stand before

the bar of God, gouts of blood will be found on their ministerial vestments—it will be the stain, too, of innocent blood!"

It will be remembered that in our last number we left the Saints preparing to obtain by civil process a redress for the wrongs inflicted upon them by the mob.

Sunday, the twentieth day of October, the Saints declared publicly, that as a people they intended to defend their lands and homes, and the next day the leaders of the mob began to prepare to inflict further violence upon them. Strict orders were circulated among the Saints not to be the aggressors, but to warn the mob not to come upon them. Court was to convene on Monday, the twenty-eighth of October, and it was expected that some of the leaders of the mob would be required to file bonds to keep the peace. While these preparations were progressing on the part of the Saints, the mob were not idle. They resorted to their old method of circulating false rumors. Saturday, the 26th, about fifty met in counsel, and "voted to a hand to move the Mormons;" and as an earnest of their intentions, attacked a number of families who had but lately arrived from Ohio and Indiana, but without inflicting much injury. Monday, the 28th, the Circuit Court convened, but very few were in attendance. There was no mob there, but threats of the most violent character were made.

The night of October 31st, however, may be regarded as the time when hostilities recommenced in earnest. That

night the mob to the number of forty or fifty proceeded against a branch of the Church located on the stream called Big-Blue, known as the Whitmer settlement. They shamefully whipped several of the brethren nearly to death, among whom was Hiram Page. With brutal threats they frightened helpless women and children into the wilderness in the middle of the night, and then unroofed and demolished ten or twelve houses.

This outrage was followed up the next night, November 1st, by an attack upon the Saints living in Independence and vicinity. Their houses were brick-batted, doors broken down, and long poles thrust through their windows. A party of the brethren had gathered together for protection about half a mile west of Independence, and to them word was sent that the mob were tearing down the store of Gilbert, Whitney & Co., and destroying their goods. Whereupon these brethren went in a body to the store. At their approach the main body of the mob fled. One of their number, bolder than his fellows, remained, however, and continued sending brick-bats and stones through the shattered doors and windows, while the goods were scattered around him in the street. This man the brethren took prisoner, and brought him immediately before Samuel Weston, justice of the peace; entered a complaint, and asked that a warrant be issued that he, Richard McCarty, might be secured. But the Justice refused to make out the warrant, or do anything in the matter. McCarty was turned loose, and subsequently got out a warrant from the same *Justice* of the peace, and tried the men, who had caught him in the act of his villainy, for *false imprisonment!*

The same night an attack was contemplated upon another branch of the Church, known as the Colesville branch; located in Kaw township, about twelve miles west of Independence. They sent two of their number, Robert Johnson and — Harris, armed with two guns and three pistols. They were discovered by some of the brethren, among

whom was Parley P. Pratt. Without provocation Johnson struck Parley P. Pratt over the head with the breech of his gun, which staggered him for a moment, and made the blood flow in streams down his face. These two men were then retained as prisoners through the night. The spies not returning rather disconcerted the mob, and it is generally supposed prevented an attack that night upon the Colesville branch of the Church. The morning following, these two men were given their arms, and permitted to return to their companions, without receiving injury from the hands of those whom they had so maliciously assaulted, and into whose power they had fallen.

On the night of November 2d, a party of the mob went against the branch located on Big-Blue, unroofed one house and destroyed some furniture. They also broke into the house of David Bennet, whom they found sick in bed; being unable to resist them, they beat him most unmercifully, and swore they would blow out his brains. One of their number shot at him with a pistol, but the ball instead of entering his head as intended, cut a deep gash across the top of it, which, however, did not prove fatal. While the mob were in the act of beating Bennet, a number of the brethren who had gathered in a body for mutual protection came upon the scene, and a firing of guns commenced. Both parties claim that the other commenced the firing, but which began it does not matter here. If the brethren opened the fire, they were altogether justified in doing so under the circumstances. Women and children were running here and there screaming with terror, not knowing where to go for safety. Their piteous cries mingled with the brutal oaths of the mob, and the firing of guns, made the night hideous. In the melee a young man with the mob was shot through the thigh, but by which party it is not known. This day also the Saints in Independence gathered in a body as much as possible, about half a mile west of town, for the purpose of

better defending themselves against their heartless enemies.

The day following these outrages Joshua Lewis, Hiram Page, and two others were despatched to Lexington to see John F. Ryland, judge of the circuit court, and obtain a peace warrant. The Saints had previously applied for a peace warrant to Squire Silvens, but he refused to grant one. They read to him the Governor's letter, which directed them to proceed in that manner, but he replied that he cared nothing for that. Either his fears of the mob were greater than his respect for the judge or the law, or he was in hearty sympathy with the rioters. Judge Ryland issued a peace warrant on the 6th; but whether it ever reached the hands of the county sheriff or not I cannot learn. If it were placed in his hands, then he refused to serve it. But the most reasonable conclusion is, that in consequence of the exciting times and unsettled state of affairs in Jackson county, it never reached his hands.

There were a few of the citizens of Jackson who did not take part in these shameful proceedings against the Church—they were friendly disposed towards the Saints, but lacked the courage to speak out boldly in their defense, or take up arms to protect suffering innocence. On the contrary, they advised the Saints to leave the State immediately, as the wounding of the young man on Saturday night had enraged the whole county against them; and it was a common expression among the mob that Monday (the fourth of November) would be a bloody day.

Early on Monday the mob took the ferry-boat on Big-Blue, west of Independence, which belonged to the Saints, driving the owners away with threats of violence. From thence they went to a store, about one mile west of the ferry, kept by one Wilson. Word was brought to a branch of the Church located several miles still further west from the ferry, that the mob east of the Blue were destroying property, and the Saints needed assistance. Upon hearing this, nineteen of the brethren

volunteered to go to their aid; but on approaching Wilson's store they learned that the mob were there, and that the report of the destruction of property east of the Blue was false. The company started to return to their homes, but two small boys passing on their way to Wilson's store saw this company, and reported to the mob that the Mormons were on the road west of them. At this the mob, which numbered between forty and fifty, started in pursuit, and soon came in sight of the company of volunteers, which, at the enemies' approach, fled in all directions. The mob gave hot pursuit, hunting for the brethren through the corn fields, and even searching the houses of the Saints for them, and at the same time threatening the women and children if they did not tell where the men were hiding. They fed their horses in Christian Whitmer's corn field, and took him and pointed their guns at him, threatening his life if he did not tell them where the brethren were.

Two or three of the company who were dispersed by the mob, made their way to the Colesville branch of the Church, which was but about three miles away. A company of thirty men was quickly formed, and although they were armed with but seventeen guns, and knew their enemies were more numerous than they, and better armed, they promptly marched to the assistance of their brethren. They found the mob hunting for the brethren, and threatening the women and children. As the mob saw this new company approaching, some of them exclaimed, "*fire, God damn ye, fire!*" and then fired two or three shots at the approaching company, which were promptly returned by a volley from the brethren, at which the mob fled, leaving two of their number and some of their horses dead on the ground. The two killed were Hugh L. Brazeale and Thomas Linville. Brazeale had been known to say, "with ten fellows I will wade to my knees in blood, but what I will drive the Mormons from Jackson county."

The first shot fired by the mob wounded Philo Dibble in the bowels, the ball remaining in him. As he bled much inwardly his bowels became swollen, and his life was despaired of. But Newel Knight administered to him, by laying on hands in the name of Jesus Christ, and a purifying fire penetrated his whole system. He discharged several quarts of blood and corruption, with which was the ball that inflicted the wound. He was immediately healed, and remained an able-bodied man, and performed military duty for a number of years afterwards, was always a hard worker, and at present lives in Springville, Utah county, Utah.

A brother by the name of — Barber was mortally wounded, his death occurring the next day.

This battle was fought about sundown, and during the night the mob despatched runners in all directions with the false report that the Mormons had "*rized*," that they had been joined by the Indians, and had taken Independence; that the "Mormons had gone into Wilson's store and shot his son," and other rumors that were calculated to excite the people, and enrage them against the Saints.

This same day, November 4th, a most extraordinary affair occurred at Independence. We have already told how a number of the brethren caught Richard McCarty on the night of November 1st, in the act of hurling stones and brickbats through the doors and windows of Gilbert, Whitney & Co.'s store, while the goods—calicoes, shawls, cambrics, handkerchiefs, etc., were scattered around him in the street; and how the brethren took him before the justice of the peace, Samuel Weston, and asked for a warrant to be issued against him, and how the justice refused to issue the warrant. But, on this fourth day of November, Richard McCarty obtained a warrant from this same justice of the peace, for the arrest of A. S. Gilbert, Wm. E. McLellin, Isaac Morley, John Corrill, and three or four others, charging them with *assault and battery*, and *false imprisonment*. In relation to this

matter brother Corrill tersely remarks, "Although we could not obtain a warrant against him for breaking open the store, yet he had gotten one for us, for catching him at it."

The trial of these men was in progress in the court house at Independence, when the news of the battle west of the Blue was brought to town. But instead of being reported correctly, it was said that the Mormons had gone into Wilson's house and shot his son. This so enraged the crowd that were in attendance at the trial that a rush was made for the prisoners, to kill them. This, however, was prevented; and at the suggestion of Samuel C. Owens, clerk of the county court, those on trial were locked up in the jail for their own safety. During the night the mob were busy collecting arms and ammunition, making every preparation for a general massacre of the Saints the next day. The brethren who were imprisoned were frequently told of these warlike preparations during the night, and that, too, by men of note; and were further informed that nothing but their leaving the county would prevent bloodshed. Whereupon these brethren consented to leave the county, and furthermore agreed to go and consult with their brethren on the subject of all the Saints leaving. For this purpose Elders Gilbert, Morley, and Corrill were accompanied by the sheriff and two others to the branch of the Church some half a mile from Independence; and held an interview with their brethren upon the subject of their moving from the county, to which the brethren of that branch consented.

The sheriff and his prisoners then returned to the jail—it being about two o'clock in the morning. As they approached the jail they were halted by a company of armed men, six or seven in number. The sheriff answered them, giving his own name and the names of his prisoners, at the same time exclaiming, "*Don't fire, don't fire*, the prisoners are in my charge!" Morley and Corrill turned and fled, and the party who had halted them fired one or two shots after

them. Gilbert stood his ground, and while the sheriff held him several guns were presented at him. Two of the men more desperate than the rest, attempted to shoot him, but their guns missed fire; seeing that they failed to shoot him, one of the party, Thomas Wilson, knocked him down. His life, however, was preserved, and his injuries were not very serious.

The morning of the fifth of November witnessed the people from all parts of the county crowding into Independence well armed. But few knew of the agreement made by the Saints in and about Independence to leave the county; and the presence of the armed crowds was made the occasion of calling out the militia. This last move was at the instigation of Lieutenant Governor Boggs—at least such was the report among the people that day. The command of this militia was given to Colonel Pitcher, but the men who had formerly been the mob made up the ranks of the militia; and the only difference between the mob and the militia was the mob organized as a militia were prepared to adopt more effective measures in driving the Saints from their homes, than before they were so organized. The colonels in command—Pitcher and Lucas—were known as the bitter enemies of the Saints, and their names were attached to the agreement circulated in the July previous, to drive the Saints from the county. From such a militia, officered by such men as Pitcher and Lucas, the Saints could hope for no protection.

The branches of the Church west of Independence did not hear of the agreement of the Independence branch to leave the county, but reports reached them that a number of their brethren were imprisoned, and that the mob were determined to kill them. About a hundred of the brethren gathered from the various branches, and marched in a body to assist those in peril. They halted about a mile west of Independence, to learn the situation of affairs. Learning that the mob had not attacked the branch at Independence, and that the militia was called out, they con-

cluded to quietly disperse and go to their homes. But some one had seen them on the road, and reported that the Mormons were on the march toward Independence, with the intention, no doubt, to do mischief.

Hearing this the militia under Colonel Pitcher became enraged, and would only consent to grant the people peace on the condition of their agreeing to deliver up certain men, engaged in the battle the evening before, to be tried for murder, and to surrender their arms. To this last proposition Lyman Wight, who, it appears acted as the leader of the body of brethren, would not consent, unless Colonel Pitcher would also disarm the mob. "To this the colonel cheerfully agreed, and pledged his honor with that of Lieutenant Governor Boggs, Samuel C. Owens and others."*

Upon this treaty being made the brethren surrendered their arms—in all, forty-nine guns and one pistol. They also gave up a number of the parties who were engaged the night before in the battle, to be tried for murder. These men were detained a day and a night, during which time they were insulted, threatened, and brick-batted; and after receiving a mockery of a trial, Colonel Pitcher let them go, after taking an *old watch* from one of them to satisfy costs.

The agreement made by Colonel Pitcher, to disarm the mob as well as the Mormons was never executed; but as soon as the brethren had surrendered their arms, bands of armed men were turned loose upon them. Lyman Wight was chased by one of these gangs across an open prairie for five miles, but fortunately escaped. He lay three weeks in the woods, and was without food three days and nights. He was hunted for by the mob through Jackson, Lafayette, and Clay counties, and also through the Indian Territory. Some of the parties who were hounding him were asked why it was they had so much against him, to which they replied: "He believes in Joe Smith and the Book of Mormon, God damn him; and we believe Joe Smith to be a damned rascal!"

* *Times and Seasons*, 1843, p. 263.

The men who had made up the rank and file of the militia on the fifth of November, the next day, were riding over the country in armed gangs threatening men, women and children with violence; searching for arms, and brutally tying up and whipping some of the men, and shooting at others. The leaders of these ruffians were some of the prominent men of the county; Colonel Pitcher and Lieutenant Governor Boggs being among the number. The priests determined not to be outdone by the politicians, for the Rev. Isaac McCoy and other preachers of the gospel(?) were seen leading armed bands of marauders from place to place; and were the main inspirers of their cowardly assaults on the defenceless. All through this day and the day following (the 6th of November) women and children were fleeing in every direction from the presence of the merciless mob. One company of one hundred and ninety—all women and children, except three decrepit men—were driven thirty miles across a burnt prairie, the ground thinly crusted with sleet, their trail being easily followed by the blood which flowed from their lacerated feet!* This company and others who joined them erected some log cabins for temporary shelter, and not knowing the limits of Jackson county, built them within the borders of that county. Subsequently, in the month of January, 1834, parties of the mob again drove these people, and burned their scanty cabins, leaving the former occupants to wander without shelter in the most severe winter months. Many of them were taken suddenly ill and died.

Other parties during the two days mentioned flocked to the Missouri river, and crossed at the ferries into Clay county. One of the companies of distressed women and children were kindly lodged by a Mr. Bennett for the night in his house. We speak of this, because acts of benevolence towards the Saints were so rare that whenever they occur they should be remembered.

In one of the companies that went to

* Lyman Wight's affidavit, *Times and Seasons*, 1843, p. 254.

Clay County was a woman named Ann Higbee who had been sick for many months with chills and fever,—she was carried across the river, apparently a corpse. Another woman named Keziah Higbee in the most delicate condition, lay on the bank of the river all night, while the rain descended in torrents, and under these circumstances was delivered of a male child; but the mother died a premature death through the exposure. All the pity they received from their relentless persecutors was this brutal expression, "God damn you, do you believe in Joe Smith now?" The scene that was witnessed on the banks of the Missouri on the seventh of November is so graphically described in Joseph's History that I cannot forbear inserting it here:

"The shore began to be lined on both sides of the ferry with men, women and children, goods, wagons, boxes, chests, provisions, etc.; while the ferry-men were busily employed in crossing them over; and when night again closed upon the Saints, the wilderness had much the appearance of a campmeeting. Hundreds of people were seen in every direction; some in tents, and some in the open air, around their fires, while the rain descended in torrents. Husbands were inquiring for their wives, and women for their husbands; parents for children; and children for parents. Some had the good fortune to escape with their family household goods, and some provisions; while others knew not of the fate of their friends, and had lost all their goods. The scene was indescribable, and would have melted the hearts of any people upon earth, except the blind oppressor, and prejudiced and ignorant bigot. Next day the company increased, and they were chiefly engaged in felling small cottonwood trees and erecting them into temporary cabins, so that when night came on, they had the appearance of a village of wigwams, and the night being clear, the occupants began to enjoy some degree of comfort."*

On the night of the thirteenth of November, while large bodies of the Saints

* *Mill. Star*, Vol. 14, p. 582.

were still encamped on the Missouri bottoms, exiled from their homes for the Gospel's sake, one of the most wonderful meteoric showers occurred that was ever witnessed. The whole heavens, and the earth were made brilliant by the streams of light which marked the course of the falling aerolites. The whole upper deep was one vast display of heaven's fireworks. The long trains of light left in the heavens by the meteors would twist into the most fantastic shapes, like writhing serpents. Its grandeur was far beyond the power of words to describe. I mention it because of the effect it had upon the minds of the suffering Saints. The Scriptures teach that one of the signs of the glorious appearing of Jesus Christ, shall be the falling of the stars from heaven, as a fig tree casteth her untimely figs, when she is shaken of a mighty wind; and the shaking of the powers of heaven.*

It is needless to say then, that this sign in the heavens encouraged the distressed Saints. That it revived their hopes. That it calmed their fears, that the coming of their deliverer was drawing nigh. Nor need I say that it awed the mob, and made a pause in their cruel proceedings for a season. But that pause was brief; for on the twenty-third of November the mob held a meeting, and appointed a committee to warn any of the Saints, who might possibly be found within the borders of the county, to leave. Accordingly what few families were scattered here and there through the county were threatened and abused until they were finally forced from their homes. On the twenty-fourth of December four aged families were assaulted at Independence. The mob tore down their chimneys, broke open

* Mark 13: 25, 26; also Rev. 6: 13--17.

their doors, and threw large stones into their houses.

A brother by the name of Miller, sixty-five years of age, and the youngest of the men in the four families, narrowly escaped fatal injuries. A brother Jones, who was also subject to this inhuman treatment, served as a life guard to General Washington in the Revolution; and had fought for the establishment of the sacred principles of liberty guaranteed in the Constitution of his country, the free exercise of which was now denied him, by a gang of heartless wretches, who had conspired against the liberty of worthy citizens.

Some time later in the winter, an old man of about seventy years was driven from his house, after which it was thrown down. His household goods, corn, etc. were piled together and set on fire; but, fortunately after the mob left, his son extinguished the flames. About the same time Lyman Leonard had two chairs broken to splinters about him, being dragged out of doors, where he was beaten with clubs until he was supposed to be dead. The same day Josiah Sumner and Barnet Cole received the same kind of treatment.*

Early in the spring the mob burned the houses belonging to the Saints. According to the testimony of Lyman Wight, two hundred and three dwelling-houses and one grist mill were so destroyed.† Destroyed, doubtless, for the same purpose that the brutal English officers laid waste the property of the Acadians, on the plea of discouraging the return of the exiles.

B. H. Roberts.

* *Evening and Morning Star*, p. 277.

† Lyman Wights' affidavit, *Times and Seasons* 1843, p. 264.

PRIESTLY ANTAGONISM.

AMONG the opponents of Mormonism none have been so vindictive and persistent as the clergy; or rather, we might say, the ministers of denominations

possessing varied degrees of popularity and following among the masses.

The older organizations, including

Catholicism and Episcopacy, feeling more secure in their power because of antiquity and wealth, have in a dignified way mainly ignored or contemptuously treated the Mormons as schismatics, heretics, or sectaries; with pretensions only more dangerous than others, because of a certain affluent use of those Scriptures unhesitatingly accepted as the standard of faith by all; although restricted in use by the Catholics, and subject to authoritative priestly interpretations coupled with tradition.

The Episcopal and all protesting offshoots, or so-called churches, claim the right of private judgment, yet fettering themselves by creed, catechism and homily. The junior organizations owe their existence to the protesting spirit, and the general theory of religious toleration; albeit they have had to win their way to recognition and respectability through obstacles erected of privilege and custom, and have ever been (to speak mildly) considered as innovators upon a conservatism which is thought to be the special prerogative of power. When the encroachments of a new organization were but feeble, and without much ostentation, the deference generally paid in Christian lands to religious theory and action, softened the opposition of even rigid conservatism, and the latest type was graciously allowed standing room on the great platform of the world, because, forsooth, a poor religion was considered better, for the overlooked classes, than no religion at all.

But the startling proclamation of Mormonism seems to have been without parallel in the modern history of religious theory and movement, and far into the arena of the past may we look in vain, until we reach the great type of religious originality and authority living and teaching upon the slopes and plains of Galilee. There are, however, special reasons for the proscriptive virulence of religious teachers in regard to Mormonism. Some of which we will endeavor to indicate, promising, however, that in "nothing shall we extenuate, or ought set down in malice."

Foremost may be mentioned the inevitable questioning of general religious teaching, by the assumption that Mormonism is true, and this assumption was not confined to unimportant things or to one thing, but embraced fundamentals, reaching so high, wide and deep that compromise can never be mooted by one side or the other. The first appeal made to the world by the elders and advocates of Mormonism was, of course, to the Scriptures. The theories, ordinances, organization, and pretensions of the Christian churches were subjects of review, and even when allusions were never made, the bare assertion and reiteration of Scriptural order was criticism of the most scathing character.

The familiar phrase, "The Bible and the Bible alone is the religion of Protestants," was made to do wondrous execution in the showing of inconsistency, and in the demonstration of the general apostasy; while the creeds, formulas, and other accepted "articles of faith," like the boomerang, returned to plague the thrower, as though it had been contrived by an enemy. Few men love to have their discrepancies of theory or thought exposed even to themselves, much less is it enjoyed when proclaimed from the house-tops; so the public preaching of Mormonism became an offense, in that it wounded the self-love, the self-sufficiency, and self-satisfaction of even those who had but little of the Pharisaic spirit. It became a reflection upon the mental vision, the personal research and intelligence of thousands of teachers, and engendered query and suspicion in the hearts of tens of thousands of trusting disciples and worshipers, who had relegated to the pulpit all right and ability to understand and expound the validity and value of sacred things.

Revealings made by the Elders only rendered more dense the blackness of ignorance, and the utter divergence from the so-called standard bequeathed by the fathers and asserted to be divine. It also touched another very sensitive feeling of the human heart, arising from

the fact that most men's religious leanings are hereditary, they follow the practices and continue the associations of father and mother; praiseworthy as a practice in many things, no doubt, yet susceptible when unquestioned, to possible abuse; and if passive in regard to serious things otherways susceptible of proof, at times to be deplored; but this reflection upon parental wisdom, upon their intelligence, rankled in many a wounded heart, until, where honesty existed, demonstration disabused and healed the sufferer.

It was a fearful thing to point out to Christendom that its object of worship was mythical, a nonentity, nothing; that ecclesiastical scholasticism, wandering from the "sure word of prophecy," had by human lore and analysis declared the Supreme to be a being "without body, parts, or passions," intangible, unreach-able, unsympathetic and untrue. It was considered a crime to assert that the life and mission, and doctrines of the Savior were ignored or misunderstood; it became a reflection upon the schools, colleges and preparatory institutions for the ministry, that these should have missed the least iota of their professed and valued faith. That the intellect, the study, the piety and sanctity of priestly position should be questioned was arrogance too stupendous for toleration, or too low for notice, unless to be trampled under foot.

The usages of ages, the practice of generations, the theories and enunciations of Doctors of Divinity, the sanction of royalty and aristocracy, the approval of the masses, and the countenance by nations, were all brought to judgment in the preaching of the Elders, and the contest now arrests the attention of the world. The long assumed recognition of Divine authority in the ministry of Jesus, has been proved to be superficial, and the emphatic language used by himself has been thundered in every section of Christendom, "Why call ye me Lord, Lord, and do not the things which I say?" Pretension and practice have been contrasted, and Mormonism has not failed to prefer

His example, His ordinances, and His doctrines, to all the vagaries of mankind:

The question asked on the great day of Pentecost, when presented to-day, receives the same reply from the exponents of the same system and faith; and differs only with the sectarian mountebanks of party colored churches, unauthorized of Him. The ordinance of baptism, to which the Son of man submitted, has been deemed unnecessary and unimportant; it has been applied to infants; it has been practiced by pouring and sprinkling, although Scriptural authority asserts that it was to follow repentance, that it was for "the remission of sins," that converts were "buried with Christ in baptism," and that "except a man was born of water he could not enter the kingdom of God." The reiteration of this Scriptural view of the ordinance, led in question the validity of a substituted ceremony, and by implication the consistency of every professed teacher of the doctrines of the Nazarene.

Then as to the ordinance of "the laying on of hands" for "the gift of the Holy Ghost," which is a Scriptural doctrine, and which was a vital ordinance in the gospel, the religious world were, on the advent of the Elders, totally in the dark. The practice was near unknown, save in the older churches which had retained the shadow, but lost the substance. Not a little controversy was aroused over this, and opposition waxed more fierce, for the disuse of the ordinance implied a lack of power, or a tacit acknowledgment of unauthorized function or priestly authority. This was the most daring deduction that Mormonism stimulated, for the conclusion was irresistible, that if there were these serious defects in modern Christendom, in ordinance, in gift, in power, in fidelity to the Teacher, there could be no recognition of the heavens, and the old and new were equally powerless to give unto man the needed "great salvation." And as to the gifts which were so emphatically promised to the believer, and calculated to con-

tinue "even unto the end;" their exhibition now, in this our time, was proof presumptive of imposture, was stigmatized as heresy, and a delusion at best.

If the primitive organization of the Church of God and Christ was the topic; if discrepancies were pointed out; if it was suggested that the powers, responsibilities and duties of the Apostleship could not be performed by a bishop or curate, or by an unordained man; if Priesthood was even hinted at, all the shafts of contempt were hurled with vindictive force, for it was assumed that no uneducated men could or should be the successors of the fishermen of Galilee. When the Elders went out, seeking to evangelize the world, without purse or scrip, it was an eloquent protest against large salaries, fat livings, chartered privileges and usurped authority, such as before had never been revealed; and every convert drawn from any Christian sectarian church was the signal for the same opposition as was exhibited toward the Savior, "If we let this man alone (he will surely) take away our place and nation."

All the teachers of Christendom have been the advocates of non-intervention and silence on the part of Deity. They have asserted again and again the absence of revelation and inspiration from on high. This might have been possible, practicable and actual in ages long ago, but as a subterfuge they claimed the perfected intelligence of mankind, forgetting in this that non-communication vitiated their pretensions and claims, nullified every act of assumed authority, and made powerless in action and in efficacy, even that which once had been ordained. So from one dilemma to another, an apostate ministry, even when honest and good intentioned, were called in question continuously by Mormonism; a thing without prestige, without schools, without patronage, without worldly wisdom, without popular society or governmental recognition, without wealth, without honor, without backing save that which God had given it; this alone enabled it to withstand all assaults, to

partially win its way, to assert its [mission, to gather its converts, to establish its institutions, and to prove itself as the tester appointed to warn men of evil and danger, and point them to safety and the gift of peace.

This opposition then is inevitable, it exists in the nature of things, it is prompted by self-love, vivified by self-interest, intensified by spiritual influences, and yet through all, standing in juxtaposition to theories of liberty, of private judgment, of personal responsibility and the drift of modern times. Is it not the old problem of darkness against light, of error in opposition to truth, of evil jealous of increasing good, of hell against heaven, of Satan in rebellion against God? Such is the situation, such are the facts.

Need the Latter-day Saints marvel that they are made the victims of priestly persecution,"and that churches divided, opposed and obnoxious in a sense toward each other, present an unbroken front before what they consider their common enemy at last?

Mormonism is a living protest against this class, against their ignorance, their pretensions, their inconsistency, their treason to the lawgiver and example of Christ; not seeking to be so or willing always, but because they have been appointed to this and sent; the irritation, the opposition, the persecution, the misrepresentation of Christian ministers, of hireling priests, has been partly to discomfit the Saints, but mainly to hide their own deficiencies, to gloss over their own assumptions, to cover up their own ulterior purposes, and to throw dust in the eyes of doubting investigators, so they might continue to "make merchandise of the souls of men."

The contest is not yet at an end, the clergy yet possess large influence, they control means, they form public sentiment, they have the advantage of the pulpit and its traditions, they control schools and their pupils, they use the press as an auxiliary; and personal aggrandisement and living, family support and standing, are prizes aimed for in this great contest, which is drawing in,

as active agents or spectators, Christendom as a whole. The United States is the battlefield at present; but the Lord hath "a controversy with the nations," and this contest will spread, or the predictions will fail and pass away. It is a mental and spiritual struggle, it is "with principalities and powers, and spiritual wickedness in high places;" yet the weapons of the warfare are not carnal, but spiritual, made mighty of God to the pulling down of the strongholds.

Vested interests never yet gave way to the first assault. Error never yet yielded without a contest. Superstition has fought as hard for self-maintenance as ever did the right. Superstition and tradition are not easily uprooted or overthrown; human nature would deem such effort as a forlorn hope; but faith, inspiration and revelation are stimulus in time of trial, in apparent defeat, "the word of the Lord endureth for ever;" and it has been decreed of him, that He will establish his gospel and kingdom, and bring in "the reign of righteousness and truth."

H. W. Naisbitt.

PATÉ DE FOIE GRAS.

THE correct thing at this hour of writing is to eat *pâté de foie gras* during the middle of a swell dinner. It comes in as an *entrée*, and is much relished by the knowing ones whose digestions admit of luscious tidbits at perilous hours. That *pâté de foie gras* is a tidbit that woos indigestion is beyond the region of controversy, and the human goose who partakes thereof, is as much of a goose as the unlucky bird whose liver has been enlarged that sybarites may dine. Sidney Smith defined Paradise as a place where one eats *pâté de foie gras* to the sound of silver trumpets. This is a queer, quaint notion of heaven, but it goes far to prove that Smith thoroughly believed that dyspepsia reigneth not within the golden gates.

Within sight of the beauteous spires of Strasburg Cathedral, and inclosed by the grim fortifications erected by the tenacious Germans, *pâté de foie gras* is for the most part prepared. The delicious mor-

sel is, as is well known, the liver of a goose that has been crammed or overfed—in fact, an enlarged liver. To Mathieu, cook to Cardinal de Rohan, Prince-Bishop of Strasburg, belongs the infamy of first inventing liver-pies. The manufacture has since developed into a profession. The quality of water is said to affect the fattening, some districts supplying much better livers than others. The sale of these pies in Strasburg amounts annually to half a million dollars. Where is the Alsatian Bergh?

Let an Alsatian goose tell the story of his brief but not uneventful career: "I am a native of Alsace," says the goose, "but I do not meddle with politics. I have no special love for Frenchmen or for Germans. Bitter experience has taught me that these featherless creatures begin with kindness, only to end in cruelty. But let that pass. My earliest recollection is of a vast field, shaded by veteran oak trees, and intersected by pools of stagnant water. Here I and a numerous flock of my brethren were placed under the care of a little girl, who passed her time in spinning hemp and in keeping us out of mischief, in which latter part of her business she was aided by a dog. So long as daylight continued, we spent our time in fishing up delicious morsels of food from the marshy ground, but just as soon as the sun went down, our active little commander-in-chief drove us off to the village. Such a commotion there used to be as we went to roost, for all took to their wings at once, and we banged and pushed against each other in the rudest manner, quaking and shrieking enough to frighten any stranger who had never been in Gooseland.

"But this pleasant life of liberty did not last long. At the beginning of Autumn my master took me to Strasburg, whither one hundred and fifty thousand of my brethren are carried every year, and sold me to a 'fattener,' a cruel woman, who either by magic or by long experience can tell, directly she handles a goose, whether it is the right sort for stuffing till its liver becomes unnaturally big. Now my martyrdom be-

gan. I had bade farewell for ever to the green fields and the shady nooks under the old oaks. First I was fed on broad beans, afterward on maize scalded with hot water. Hungry or not, I was compelled to eat. The 'fattener' used to take me between her knees, keeping my wings imprisoned. With one hand she held my bill open; with the other she crammed maize down my throat till there was not room for one grain more. A little gentle exercise, or a fly through the air, would have aided digestion, but such privileges were rigorously forbidden. Instead of these I was put into a slightly heated oven, where I experienced all the sufferings of sea-sickness without the relief of being able to vomit. During the last days of my tortures I was inflated like a balloon, and could only breathe by gasps. I was transferred to a cage open at the top.

"Why did the 'fattener' watch night and day by our cages with a great knife in her hand? Alas! I too soon discovered. I saw a neighbor of mine in the next cage (he was an old village companion, and we had had many a romp

together)—I saw this unlucky bloated fellow stagger and fall. 'Apoplexy,' I said to myself. I had scarcely murmured the words when the ogress (she was really a pretty young woman, and had a sweetheart who adored her) seized my poor old pal by the neck and cut his head off. He was then hung up in a cool place for twenty-four hours, when his liver, swollen to hideous dimensions, was taken out and sold to a 'pie-maker.' The pie-makers give from three to six francs for these livers, as they form a chief ingredient in the *patés* or *terrines de foie gras*. "I indite these memoirs from the center of one of these precious concoctions, and I hereby give fair warning that I intend to inflict a terrible indigestion on the man or woman who dares to eat what was once part of ill-used me."

Thus graphically does the goose tell the tale of *paté de foie gras*, and I greatly fear that, despite the fearful threat, that I shall not be deterred from tasting a *paté* on the next opportunity.

Is life worth living? It depends upon the liver.

ODE TO THE EVENING STAR.

Brightest of all the living gems that sparkling deck the sky,
Fairest of all the radiant hosts that hymn their course on high,

Star of the evening, whose all-beauteous ray
Crowns the flushed glories of the closing day;
Lest in its rosy light,

Leading the hosts of night,
Cheering the gladdened sight,
Thou holdest on thy way,

Purely fulfilling His most gracious will,
Who bade thee glow, and show His goodness still,
A goodness endless, boundless and divine,
Which o'er a rebel world makes such as thee to shine.

Thy beams speak peace,
So steady, pure and calm,
Still with the deepening darkness they increase,
And to the o'ercast mind impart a healing balm.
Yes! when depressed and troubled with the strife,
And harrowing cares that crowd the path of life,
Thy beamings meet the gaze, their soft, their deep
Unbroken quietness, allure the thoughts, and steep

In blessed forgetfulness of fears and grief, awhile
Entranced from earth to heaven, soothed by thy placid smile.
Thus oft to harrassed minds thine influence is known,

And thus through thee attained, a purer, healthier tone,
 They bless the Lord of every good, and thee a mercy own;
 A loving ray, in mercy sent, from Love's eternal throne.

Yes, star of radiant eye,
 First of the lights on high,
 Queen of their galaxy,
 Benevolence alone,

Conspicuous as good, they then through thee descry.

Well even might the heathen deem and name thee Love's own star,
 For thy sweet gentle rays of light, as Love's own beaming's are,

Yet not of earth the love in thee I trace,
 Such constant love on earth could ne'er have place,

No! as the star of old,
 That shone o'er Bethlehem's fold,
 And to a lost world told
 Of mercy and of grace,

And ne'er declined till it had shown the way
 To where the source of grace and mercy lay;
 Till the first fruits of grace the path had trod,
 And from afar drew nigh, and owned the Savior God:

So thy pure ray,
 Beams a sweet medium given,
 To purify and lure men's minds away,
 From earthly griefs and cares, to peace like thine in heaven.
 In thee I too would grateful recognize
 My Maker's bounteous hand, and learn to prize
 The goodness infinite which so adorns

With thousand lights like thine, probation's vale of thorns.

If in this passing scene such glorious sights are given,
 O how surpassing sense the better lights of heaven!
 If a mere creature's glories give such joy below,
 At the Creator's sight what rapturous bliss shall flow!
 God and the Lamb in heaven alone, unclouded light bestow,
 Who reach thy courts, Jerusalem, the joyful truth shall know,
 Shall feel it ceaseless pour

Its living, loving store,
 In fulness evermore,
 And with the glory glow,

Exceeding far the starry lights, and His blest name adore.

O Thou in whose almighty hand are held the starry suns,
 Whose wisdom marks the changeless course each globe obedient runs;

Whose skill directs them in their circling way,
 Whose glory lightens, and whose love doth sway;

Who in the nightly plain,
 Thy boundless ether main,
 Marshalls their countless train
 In glorious array,

Naming their names, for each to thee is known,
 On thee depends, and shines by thee alone.

Be thou adored! for though these cease to shine,
 Thy children, born of thee, immortal and divine,

Shall ever live,
 Though suns and stars decay,

Shall live to shine, if they do only strive
 To walk before thy face in wisdom's perfect way.

O soon may all obedient, see and prize

Thy light that sets not in the eternal skies !
 Jews, Gentiles, peoples, kindreds, near and far,
 The rising seek and hail of Israel's coming star ;
 When to thy Christ and saints all power and glory given,
 Thy will shall be done here, e'en as it is in heaven.
 For this, O hear thine own who ever thee entreat,
 And till perfection comes, keep safe at Jesus' feet,
 That soon thy blessed, promised light, their longing eyes may greet,
 And in thy kingdom raised to shine, they all enraptured meet,
 Naming thy name as one,
 Bless'd Father, Spirit, Son,
 Through Christ the victory won,
 Salvation, grace complete,
 Eternal glory, peace, and happiness begun.

O blessed, glorious day! which heaven is hastening on,
 Light of the waiting earth, its night of darkness gone,
 Of which the holy prophets sang inspired,
 Which kings and men of God of old desired,
 To live, and see, and share,
 Their hopes fulfilled then,
 In all things good and fair,
 By heavenly bliss required ;
 Whose dawn now mantles over earth and sky,
 With heaven's own light diffusive from on high,
 Precursive of the glorious orb of day,
 Before whose quickening beams all gloom shall flee away.
 By which heaven-lit,
 No more to be concealed,
 God's kingdom is being manifested, yet
 In all its fulness, truth, and powers to be revealed.
 For God shall rise, and on His people shine
 With His own light eternal and divine,
 Whose quickening, vivifying, healing ray,
 Shining and brightening still, till its perfected day,
 Shall surely every vestige of earth's darkness chase,
 Till sin be found no more, nor of her works a trace,
 Her progeny of sorrow, pain and death depart,
 No more to grieve the soul, nor wring the anguished heart,
 Earth's nations freed from her dire power, when each and every soul
 Shall see salvation, and rejoice, and worship, and extol
 The true God, whose displays,
 Shall justify his ways,
 Till earth as heaven obeys,
 A great united whole,
 Ascribing to Him the good, the glory, and the praise.

Dr. J. P. Meeks.

LOGAN TEMPLE LECTURES.

POLITICAL ECONOMY.

THE subject of political economy has engaged the attention of many of the most eminent thinkers and writers, from the days of the philosopher Aristotle

down to the present; and during all the ages of the past, many a system has been formulated by the best minds, put on paper, appearing quite beautiful in theory, but in practice all resulting in failure.

The English word economy is derived from the Greek, the primary meaning of which is a house and a law; especially pertaining to the income of the household and the disbursement thereof. To the word economy is added the word political, which enlarges the meaning to embrace a community—a body politic—a nation, or the whole world. Any system of political economy which allows the wealth of a country to be controlled and gathered in by a few, and thereby gives them power to oppress their fellows, must be a wrong system. The true system would be, that which will give society the most strength to perpetuate itself in contentment and peace.

It would take too much time to even give you the names of all those who have written on this subject, much less a synopsis of their theories, but among the most prominent that the last two hundred years have produced are Adam Smith, Malthus, John Stuart Mill and Henry George. Others, who are far greater as thinkers and writers, like Herbert Spencer, Carlyle and Ruskin, have very clearly pointed out to us wherein our present systems of supply and demand, competition, usuary, rent and the like, are unjust, and, therefore wrong, but have failed to clearly define some line of practice that would remedy the great evils under which the whole world groans and suffers.

Perhaps the most prominent truth which Adam Smith points out in his heavy volumes is this, "That all wealth is the result of labor." Labor alone produces wealth. This I think will be admitted without question; but for the most part of Smith's theories, new conditions of society have arisen, which he never dreamed of, and which, as was to be expected, have upset many of his propositions. For who could anticipate the results and developments wrought out by the coal and the iron, the railroad and the steamer, and the telegraph with its ocean cables? Who could have conceived the industrial changes, the spinning mule and the power loom, the mower and self-binder, and the thousand and one labor-saving machines of re-

cent invention would produce? The doctrine of Malthus, or the "Malthusian theory," as it is called, has given rise to endless, foolish speculation. Malthus declares that population has a tendency to increase faster than subsistence; that, in fact, we must put some positive or preventive check to this multiplying of our species, or the food supply will not be equal to feed our members. On the other hand Henry George and others take the opposite view, and say in effect, since labor produces wealth, the greater number of people you have on the earth, who will labor, the more food and wealth they will produce.

It is true of political economy as it is of religions, all systems have some fraction of truth, otherwise they would not hang together at all; but to say that any of these theorists have formulated, or can formulate, a complete science which will fit and govern all the relations of human life and regulate with justice, all affairs between man and man, is to expect something which has not been, and never will be, realized. For it is true as the Scripture has said: "It is not in man that walketh to direct his steps," and without the guidance of the Almighty, and the restraining influences which true religion brings, the world can never have a complete and successful system of political economy. No one who has eyes to see, will say that the wealth of the world is justly distributed.

In a country where one man can, from very small beginnings, clear over a million dollars every year for twenty or thirty years, like Governor Stanford of California, and where another man, nay, thousands of men, are unable to earn bread sufficient for themselves and their families to live on; where under the very shadow of the gilded palaces in our great cities, live thousands of miserable human beings—of our own flesh and blood every one of them—ekeing out an almost intolerable existence, and they cannot sell their labor for sufficient to buy them food and warmth. In the great city of Chicago, where is at present stored some seventeen million bushels of wheat, there are half clad, barefooted

children by the hundreds begging for bread—famishing for even the bare necessities of life. I say where such a state of society exists something is radically wrong and needs changing, or it will change itself in a manner not pleasant to behold, nor very healthy to the capitalist.

Such a state of affairs was never intended by the beneficent Father of us all; for are we not all his children, of one family, one flesh and blood? In the revelations to his Church in our day he has said: "For what man among you having twelve sons, and is no respecter of them, and they serve him obediently, and he saith unto the one, be thou clothed in robes and sit thou here; and to the other, be thou clothed in rags and sit thou there; and looked upon his sons and saith I am just. Behold, I have given unto you a parable, and it is even as I am." (Doctrine and Covenants, sec. 38, ver. 26, 27.)

It is even as I am! God is no respecter of persons, and requires only that his children serve him *obediently*. To one he has given much intelligence in certain things, to another he has given but little; yet when these two serve him obediently, with the full exercise of every faculty that each one has—then have they served him equally, and are equally acceptable before him.

And now when we see such wealth on the one hand, and destitution and want on the other, we naturally ask, why such poverty amidst such abundance? Certainly something is wrong; not one thing, but many; and being wrong they will have to be set right.

But where's the remedy?—there's the rub!

A patient so sick as is this great world of society, and doctors without number prescribing for the sickness, one would think the poor patient must be benefited: but, alas! the sickness waxes worse and worse. The patient who is dosed with so much medicine, like "the extension of the suffrage," "prohibition," "popular education," "anti-monopoly," "trades unions," and the like, receives no permanent benefit; but coughs on with an incurable consumption, lit-

erally consuming itself. Nay, does it not appear that the patient is rapidly going into spasms, and the activity of its seeming life is in reality its death throes? Certainly no wise doctor will expect to make a permanent cure, and build up a strong and healthy constitution of any patient who is so far gone. The most that can be done in such case, is to administer an opiate to alleviate the pain and suffering, not with any hope, however, of effecting a permanent cure. In such consumptive condition stands what we call society.

But with the strong, healthy, young person—the young society like ours—if we can only have pointed out certain rules of life, certain laws of God (and these latter will always be found to be the laws of nature and this universe) and will live according to them, we will then have discovered a system of political economy, which will evolve a new society and do away with wretchedness and want, and the cry of the hungry shall be heard in the land no more forever. "For behold, the beasts of the field, and the fowls of the air, and that which cometh of the earth is ordained for the use of man, for food and for raiment, and that he might have in abundance; but it is not given that one man should possess that which is above another; wherefore the whole world lieth in sin." (Doctrine and Covenants, 49: 19, 20.)

Perhaps the most important, and I may say the ground work of any system of political economy, is the question of land; and we will first proceed with the consideration of that subject, and in other lectures we will treat on competition, labor and capital, and kindred subjects. To whom does the land belong? This is a most important question. If we can determine that, according to the laws of justice and equity, and arrange our ownership agreeable thereto, we will have taken a long stride in the right direction, and many of the evils which afflict society at present will be permanently cured. To whom should the land belong? I make the assertion, and I do not think it can be gainsaid, that

every son and daughter of God born on this planet, has an equal right to the land. He has that right by virtue of his birth on this planet, as much as he has equal rights in the air, the water, or the sunshine. For God, his Father, has created or organized all these for his children, and it is not given that one man should possess that which is above another. It would seem, therefore, if we are to have justice done, that private ownership in land would have to be abolished.

Let us for a few minutes look into what Henry George has to say in his excellent book entitled: "Progress and Poverty," regarding the injustice of our present land-owning system: "If we are all here by the equal permission of the Creator, we are all here with an equal title to enjoy his bounty—with an equal right to the use of all that nature so impartially offers. This is a right which is natural and inalienable; it is a right which vests in every human being, and which, during his continuance in the world, can be limited only by the equal rights of others. There is in nature no such thing as a fee simple in land. There is on earth no power which can rightfully make a grant of exclusive ownership in land.

"If all existing men were to unite to grant away their equal rights, they could not grant away the right of those who follow them. For what are we but tenants for a day? Have we made the earth, that we should determine the rights of those who after us shall tenant it in their turn? The Almighty, who created the earth for man and man for the earth, has entailed it upon all the generations of the children of men by a decree written upon the constitution of all things—a decree which no human action can bar and no prescription determine. Let the parchments be ever so many, or possession ever so long, natural justice can recognize no right in one man to the possession and enjoyment of land that is not equally the right of all his fellows. Though his titles have been acquiesced in by generation after generation, to the landed

estates of the Duke of Westminster the poorest child that is born in London today has as much right as his eldest son. Though the sovereign people of the State of New York consent to the landed possessions of the Astors, the puniest infant that comes wailing into the world in the squalidest room of the most miserable tenement house, becomes at that moment seized of an equal right with the millionaires. And it is robbed if the right is denied.

"Our previous conclusions, irresistible in themselves, thus stand approved by the highest and final test. Translated from terms of political economy into terms of ethics they show a wrong as the source of the evils which increase as material progress goes on. The masses of men, who in the midst of abundance suffer want; who, clothed with political freedom, are condemned to the wages of slavery; to whose toil labor-saving inventions bring no relief, but rather seem to rob them of a privilege, instinctively feel that 'there is something wrong.' And they are right.

"The wide-spreading social evils which everywhere oppress men amid an advancing civilization, spring from a great primary wrong—the appropriation, as the exclusive property of some men, of the land on which and from which all must live. From this fundamental injustice flow all the injustices which distort and endanger modern development, which condemn the producer of wealth to poverty and pamper the non-producer in luxury, which rear the tenement house with the palace, plant the brothel behind the church, and compel us to build prisons as we open new schools.

"There is nothing strange or inexplicable in the phenomena that are now perplexing the world. It is not that material progress is not in itself a good; it is not that nature has called into being children for whom she has failed to provide; it is not that the Creator has left on natural laws a taint of injustice at which even the human mind revolts, that material progress brings such bitter fruits. That amid our highest civiliza-

tion men faint and die with want is not due to the niggardliness of nature, but to the injustice of man. Vice and misery, poverty and pauperism, are not the legitimate results of increase of population and industrial development; they only follow increase of population and industrial development because land is treated as private property—they are the direct and necessary results of the violation of the supreme law of justice, involved in giving to some men the exclusive possession of that which nature provides for all men.

"Has the first comer at a banquet the right to turn back all the chairs and claim that none of the other guests shall partake of the food provided, except as they make terms with him? Does the first man who presents a ticket at the door of a theatre and passes in, acquire by his priority the right to shut the doors and have the performance go on for him alone? Does the first passenger who enters a railroad car obtain the right to scatter his baggage over all the seats and compel the passengers who come in after him to stand up?

"The cases are perfectly analogous. We arrive and we depart, guests at a banquet continually spread, spectators and participants in an entertainment where there is room for all who come; passengers from station to station, on an orb that whirls through space—our rights to take and possess cannot be exclusive; they must be bounded everywhere by the equal rights of others. Just as the passenger in a railroad car may spread himself and his baggage over as many seats as he pleases, until other passengers come in, so may a settler take and use as much land as he chooses, until it is needed by others—a fact which is shown by the land acquiring a value—when his right must be curtailed by the equal rights of the others, and no priority of appropriation can give a right which will bar these equal rights of others. If this were not the case, then by priority of appropriation one man could acquire and could transmit to whom he pleased, not merely the exclusive right to one hundred and

sixty acres, or to six hundred and forty acres, but to a whole township, a whole State, a whole continent. And to this manifest absurdity does the recognition of individual right to land come, when carried to its ultimate—that any one human being, could he concentrate in himself the individual rights to the land of any country, could expel therefrom all the rest of its inhabitants; and could he thus concentrate the individual rights to the whole surface of the globe, he alone of all the teeming population of the earth would have the right to live.

"And what upon this supposition would occur is, upon a smaller scale, realized in actual fact. The territorial lords of Great Britain, to whom grants of land have given the 'white parasols and elephants mad with pride,' have over again expelled from large districts the population, whose ancestors had lived on the land from immemorial times—driven them off to emigrate, to become paupers, or to starve. And on uncultivated tracts of land in the new State of California may be seen the blackened chimneys of homes, from which settlers have been driven by the force of laws which ignore natural right, and great stretches of land which might be populous are desolate, because the recognition of exclusive ownership has put in the power of one human creature to forbid his fellows from using it. The comparative handful of proprietors who own the surface of the British Islands would be only doing what the English law gives them full power to do, and what many of them have done on a smaller scale already, were they to exclude the millions of British people from their native islands. And such an exclusion, by which a few hundred thousand should at will banish thirty million people from their native country, while it would be more striking, would not be a whit more repugnant to natural right than the spectacle now presented, of the vast body of the British people being compelled to pay such enormous sums to a few of their number, for the privilege of being permitted to live upon

and use the land, which they so fondly call their own; which is endeared to them by memories so tender and so glorious, and for which they are held in duty bound, if need be, to spill their blood and lay down their lives.

"There is nothing strange in the fact that, in spite of the enormous increase in productive power which this century has witnessed, and which is still going on, the wages of labor in the lower and wider strata of industry should everywhere tend to the wages of slavery—just enough to keep the laborer in working condition. For the ownership of the land on which and from which a man must live, is virtually the ownership of the man himself, and in acknowledging the right of some individuals to the exclusive use and enjoyment of the earth, we condemn other individuals to slavery as fully and as completely as though we had formally made them chattels.

"Thus the condition of the masses in every civilized country is, or is tending to become, that of virtual slavery under the forms of freedom. And it is probable that of all kinds of slavery this is the most cruel and relentless. For the laborer is robbed of the produce of his labor and compelled to toil for a mere subsistence; but his taskmasters, instead of human beings, assume the form of imperious necessities. Those to whom his labor is rendered and from whom his wages are received are often driven in their turn—contact between the laborers and the ultimate beneficiaries of their labor is sundered, and individuality is lost. The direct responsibility of master to slave, a responsibility which exercises a softening influence upon the great majority of men, does not arise; it is not one human being who seems to drive another to unremitting and ill-requited toil, but "the inevitable laws of supply and demand," for which no one in particular is responsible. The maxims of Cato the Censor—maxims which were regarded with abhorrence even in an age of cruelty and universal slaveholding—that after as much work as possible is obtained from a slave he should be turned out to die, become the

common rule; and even the selfish interest which prompts the master to look after the comfort and well-being of the slave is lost. Labor has become a commodity, and the laborer a machine. There are no masters and slaves, no owners and owned, but only buyers and sellers. The higgling of the market takes the place of every other sentiment.

"When the slaveholders of the South looked upon the condition of the free laboring poor in the most advanced civilized countries, it is no wonder that they easily persuaded themselves of the divine institution of slavery. That the field hands of the South were as a class better fed, better lodged, better clothed; that they had less care and more of the amusements and enjoyments of life than the agricultural laborers of England there can be no doubt; and even in the Northern cities, visiting slaveholders might see and hear of things impossible under what they called their organization of labor. In the Southern States, during the days of slavery, the master who would have compelled his negroes to work and live as large classes of free white men and women are compelled in free countries to work and live, would have been deemed infamous, and if public opinion had not restrained him, his own selfish interest in the maintenance of the health and strength of his chattels would. But in London, New York and Boston, among people who have given, and would give again, money and blood to free the slave, where no one could abuse a beast in public without arrest and punishment, barefooted and ragged children may be seen running around the streets even in the winter time, and in squalid garrets and noisome cellars women work away their lives for wages that fail to keep them in proper warmth and nourishment. Is it any wonder that to the slaveholders of the South the demand for the abolition of slavery seemed like the cant of hypocrisy? And now that slavery has been abolished, the planters of the South find they have sustained no loss. Their ownership of the land upon which the freedmen must live gives them practi-

cally as much command of labor as before, while they are relieved of responsibility, sometimes very expensive. Our boasted freedom necessarily involves slavery, so long as we recognize private property in land. Until that is abolished, Declarations of Independence and Acts of Emancipation are in vain. So long as one man can claim the exclusive ownership of the land from which other men must live, slavery will exist, and as material progress goes on, must grow and deepen.

But let us consider the injustice of the present system even in our own midst, without going out into the world for greater wrongs. Here, we will say is a brother who received the gospel years ago in his native land and soon "gathered" to Zion. By arriving here among the first settlers he is enabled to locate on a choice piece of land, say, near Salt Lake City. As population increases, his land grows in value. For his labor on the land he reaps, each year, an abundant harvest, and being close to the city finds a ready market for his produce.

These harvests are the result of his labor. But apart from any labor, that land which he located on and which cost him nothing, has grown to be worth from one to three hundred dollars per acre, simply because some twenty thousand people have built and are inhabiting a city adjacent to his land; and if another twenty or a hundred thousand people are added to that city, his land increases in value according to the increase in population. And all this increase of wealth comes without labor, for as I said he is more than paid for his labor by the abundant harvests. And now if some poor brother wishes to get an acre of said land to live on, he has to pay a yearly rent equal to a yearly interest on the market value of the land.

This brother who rents, first heard the gospel last year—rendered willing and prompt obedience to it—gathered with God's people and has in every way served our Father *obediently*, and yet because he came in last year, and the other brother came some years sooner,

the one has to pay to the other usury or rent for the privilege of living on the earth that his Father has created. Here are two sons then, who have served their Father obediently in all things, and it is practically said to the one, "be thou clothed in robes and sit thou here, and to the other, be thou clothed in rags and sit thou there."

This is reversing the rule. It is not justice, and therefore cannot stand. For I can assure you, my friends, the just thing is the only permanent and lasting thing in this world. Were it not so, our case would indeed be a desperate one, contending as we are, a handful of people, against the unjust prejudices of the whole world. But we have supreme faith in the justice of our cause and we are very sure of victory. It is true God is on our side; but the reason he is there, is because our side has justice and truth to back it. God always has been and always will be on that side, adhering most rigidly to justice and truth. Therefore when we see anything in our system so manifestly unjust as is our private ownership of land, we may be very sure it cannot long stand.

It will all have to be changed to agree more nearly to the laws of equity, and that labor will devolve on the Latter-day Saints; for the young tree of Political Economy, in a young healthy society like ours, can be made to grow according to laws of justice, but with the old tree which has so long grown in the world until it is now almost rotten to the core and is well nigh ready to be hewn down and cast into the fire—you cannot put new life into it by any system that can be devised; therefore, I say on the Latter-day Saints devolves the labor of correcting the evils and wrongs of society.

Among the tribes of Indians on this continent I never yet have learned where a single case of private ownership of land was tolerated; (except, perhaps, in the last few years when some few have adopted the whiteman's modes), even to this day they hold their reservation as the common property of the whole tribe. And also, among the Maoris—the natives of New Zealand—the same just rule

obtains; for on one occasion the white settlers of that country found themselves unable to get from the Maoris what the latter considered a complete title to land, because although a whole tribe might have consented to the sale, they would still claim, with every new child born among them, an additional payment on the ground that they had only parted with their own rights and could not sell those of the unborn. The Government was obliged to step in and settle the matter by buying land for a tribal annuity, in which every child that is born acquires a share.

When the Lord, through Moses, led the children of Israel to the promised land, one of the first things done in arranging their excellent system of political economy was to regulate their land matters; and while each one was given his stewardship, yet the title to the land was really held by the tribe in common, and could never pass to an alien, nor indeed to a brother, except for a limited number of years.

As a people, we have much to congratulate ourselves on in our system, but I am free to say that not only our land matters, but also many other things pertaining to our political economy will have to be changed. How shall it be done? In regard to land first of all, I will say that it is my settled opinion, that the land will not be mine nor yours alone, but will be the common property of the whole people—will belong to the Church. When the time comes (to use the words of revelation) "When my servant will appoint unto this people their portion, every man equal according to their families, according to their circumstances and their wants and needs. And let every man deal honestly and be alike among this people, and receive alike that you may be one even as I have commanded you."—*Doctrine and Covenants*, 51, 3-9. "That you may be equal in the bands of heavenly things, yea and earthly things also, for the obtaining of heavenly things. For if ye are not equal in earthly things ye cannot be equal in obtaining heavenly things."—*Doctrine and Covenants*, 78, 5-6.

Now the equality here spoken of does not mean that each man should have an equal number of acres of land—equal house room and furnishings,—the same clothing, food, hours of sleep and the like with every other man—not that at all; for everything in nature indicates variety, change, no two things being exactly alike; and what might be a pleasing and suitable thing for you might be quite the reverse for me. It was never intended there should be such an equality—indeed there cannot be, for such a state of affairs would bring any thing but happiness and contentment. But, the equality referred to means the same equal right we have to the air we breathe, or the sunshine that gladdens and gives us all equal light and heat.

Pertaining to the laws of the church also, the same equality exists; as for instance the law of baptism, it is administered alike to each and all; no one can disregard it and be saved. In that we are equal. So also at the sacrament table there is the same equality; so with regard to tithing,—the settlement of our difficulties and indeed all the general laws of God apply with equal force and effect to every one of His children. But we are not to suppose that each one is endowed with the same talent or faculty, for we know such is not the case. To one is given much, to another little, and where much is given much will be required. One may be capable of wisely handling and directing the labor of others; and there have never yet been wanting laborers who are more than glad to labor and be directed by the wiser, if only they are treated as brothers and with that equality and justice that a righteous overseer would bestow.

It is plain, therefore, that if the land were the property of the church, each member would be equal in ownership with every other member, and the profits of it—over and above the cost of living comfortably, would pass into the general treasury, instead of into the hands of the few lucky ones who came first to the country and monopolized all the best land, to the exclusion of thousands just

as willing and obedient Latter-day Saints as ever joined the church. Do not think now that I blame any one for taking up land and owning it, for under our present system there is no other way to do. Those who came first did exactly as we would have done had we been in their places; but I do say the whole is unjust and with all nations who adhere to it, will in the end bring revolution and ruin. It must be changed.

I am aware that some argue that in order to call forth a man's best energies, in directing or managing any temporal concern, he must have some other incentive than the general good of the whole; but I think on examination this idea will be found to be utterly groundless. For have we not all seen how thousands of our elders go forth and labor in the ministry for the good of the whole Church and the glory of God's cause! Indeed, such labor has been the most earnest and zealous, and quite as hard as any labor that I know of. Nor is this because such labor is what we call of a spiritual nature, for there have been many elders engaged in temporal duties, and are now, who work with as much devotion and solicitude for the success of their efforts as any individual enterprise could get out of them.

The true incentive for any man or woman to labor is, to know that it is one's duty, and in the doing of that duty the more who are benefited by it, the more pleasure will it bring to the *true* worker, and the more zealous and excellent will his labor be. With the land as the common property of the church, much of the inequality in temporal things, which at present exists, would be done away from among us, and we could receive of the fruits of the earth equally, according to our needs and our wants, so long as our wants were just. One other objection arises to this idea of common property of land, which I will briefly refer to and close. And that is the immense power it would give to the leaders of such a society, which would be dangerous if it were wielded unrighteously. Certainly such a system would place great power in some few hands,

and I confess this is one of the chief reasons why I like it. I am for centralization of power in all things, when it can be centralized by the common consent of the whole people and administered with justice and judgment.

Our God is a most beneficent Father—desires to see his children equal as far as they can possibly be, but He is a terrible monopolist withal; He is aggressive and jealous of his power; indeed He wants it all—He and his—and is determined to have it too, and will fight it out on that line until every opposing power is conquered and bound hand and feet. And yet He is so kind and just with his monopoly. We do not object to working for His cause for fear of giving him too much power. No! we want *Him* to have power—the more the better, for He will use it *justly*. And therein is the touchstone of the whole matter; every man among us will say the more power our leaders have the better. For is not every true leader something of a God, who approaches the nearer to that likeness when he does “justice and judgment?” We are told in the Book of Mormon of a certain people who “had all things common among them,” but we are also told that every man dealt *justly* one with another.

The constitution of our society lays down the law of leadership in these words: “The rights of the priesthood are inseparably connected with the powers of heaven, and that the powers of heaven cannot be controlled nor handled only on the principles of righteousness. That they may be conferred upon us it is true, but when we undertake to cover our sins, or to gratify our pride, or to exercise control, or dominion or compulsion upon the souls of the children of men *in any degree of unrighteousness*, behold the heavens withdraw themselves; the spirit of the Lord is grieved, and when it is withdrawn, Amen to the Priesthood or the authority of that man.”—Doctrine and Covenants, 121, 36-37. If that part of our constitution is strictly adhered to, we need never fear about placing too much power in the hands of our leaders. C. W. Nibley.

CHARACTER IN THE VOICE.

THE human voice has its physiological side, which demands attention from orators and actors. The various modifications of voice, depending upon modifications of vocal organs, tend, when frequently repeated, to fix themselves as permanent voice characteristics. Since these qualities of voice express the various mental states, their prevalence will indicate what have been the ruling passions of the speaker. That is, the quality of voice and manner of delivery will indicate character. Listen to the voices of your friends and acquaintances and observe how they differ.

We seldom fail to tell a friend by his voice, even if we can not see him. The sound of some voices repel, while that of others attract us. If there is anything peculiar about the voices of those we meet for the first time, we notice it and judge accordingly. Some voices have an honest, straight-forward and frank ring about them which immediately wins our confidence and esteem. Some are sympathetic and attract us like a magnet; they exert an undefinable and mysterious power. Jenny Lind had such a voice. You will sometimes meet with men and women who can hold you with the sound of their voices. Great orators owe much of their power to the magnetic and sympathetic tone of their voices. We can generally tell by the sound of his voice whether a speaker will please us, when he has uttered a few sentences. Voices differ in timbre or quality; there are smooth, clear, round full voices, which seem to swell out from a man of round and full character. They delight, charm, and fascinate us. They express power, pathos, and almost every feeling of the human heart. Some are not so full; but are sweet and musical and we linger with fondness upon their accents. It is hard to banish the memory of such voices, long after we have ceased to hear them. When separated from their possessors by oceans, continents, or even the grave, their magic sounds

still echo in our ears. Some voices seem to fill our imagination with melody and to impress the very words on the human soul. Add to this rich musical quality the vibration of sympathy, and the voice becomes well-nigh irresistible. The voices of women often possess such a combination, and woe to the man who falls under its spell. It is more entrancing than the glance of the eye or the smile on the lip. It can express love better than any gesture, and can captivate the heart as easily as a spider ensnares a fly. All men who wish to lead a free, untrammelled life should shun women possessed of such voices. There are voices which attract, because they are caressing and soothing. They pet and plead you into obedience and performance of their will. Their owners are generally full of whims, desires, and caprices, that would be nothing; but the worst of it is, they always strive to make you accomplish their desires. If you refuse, they have such a caressing, coaxing way that your only safety lies in flight. These voices, though not so powerful or fascinating as the musico-sympathetic, are equally dangerous.

The *playful* voice is a sort of rollicking, devil-may-care voice. One can not help liking it. Still it is not a dangerous voice; it will never bring you into a witches' ring or wizard's circle, or deprive you of your reason. Why? Because its tones are full of warning; it tells of the life its possessor leads, and it always invites to contradiction. Its possessor is too happy and gay to find fault with you if you contradict him. Contradiction supplies him with mirth and provoking tones. It is a happy voice; would to heaven there were more of them! When a young woman possesses this kind of voice, she will not dethrone your reason as easily as if she possessed the musico-sympathetic or caressing voice, but still you will always find her entertaining. You will long for her presence, and if naturally sad and despondent, she will be better medicine than Indian herbs

plucked under the moon's eclipse, or under the glarey sky of a dog-sun.

The *plaintive* voice—sorrow, wounded love, unrequited affection or disappointment has made this kind of voice. The possessors seem as if they had spent their time wandering through life, looking for a mate or congenial companion and finding none; such voices are not uncommon, and they even mingle with other voices, and wonderful to tell, it does not mar but improves the charm of them. It adds a peculiar fascination to all except the mirthful or rollicking voice; when that becomes plaintive, it is so unnatural that you expect the heavens to fall.

There are voices which puzzle us and disappoint us, because they come from those who should possess voices of very different quality. A high, squeaking voice is a disgrace to a man of full, sound constitution. He should have a full, round voice; there must be some physiological impediment, or bad habit which has made this kind of voice. What shall we say of a young and beautiful girl who dings your sensibilities with a hoarse, rude, chest voice, instead of soothing them with a clear, musical voice. We may venture to predict that she keeps disreputable company, uses slang, and imitates the actions, gestures, and tones of men. We abhor such a voice in a woman; it is entirely without fascination and may frighten, but never can charm young men. There are voices which so far from charming our sensibilities, sound the notes of warning. They croak, like the raven, hiss like the serpent, and sputter like the toad. Some voices irritate and some soothe; some grate on the sensitive nerves and set the teeth on edge. Some make one shiver and turn cold; others rub your sensibilities like a file in the teeth of a dull saw.

The *deep, guttural* and *pectoral* voice bids you "beware," and tells you your life is not worth a pin-fee when its owner is under the influence of passion. The *snaky-Snodgrass* voice, a half whispering voice, is a voice that speaks in hesitating yet honeyed accents of cunning. Secrecy and stratagem are as plainly evinced by such a voice as by the furtive glance and

sidelong expression of the eye which generally accompanies it. Sometimes the voice assumes tones of sympathy for sinister motives, but a practiced ear can readily detect them.

The *hypocritical* voice resembles the strategic voice somewhat, but it is rounder, fuller and more varied. It has all the craft and cunning of the former with some of the melody and honesty of other voices; but it is all feigned and imitated; still it requires considerable skill to detect the fraud. Thousands are constantly hoodwinked and befooled by this voice. No wonder, for it is as honest, sympathetic and loving as imitation and experience can make it, and there are lots of people who worship art and love counterfeit coin better than real copper pennies. The glitter of the tinsel and the glow of the bauble have a peculiar fascination for them. Let them be fooled, who cares? If society will run mad after the ludicrous imbecile and the aristocratic fop, let society suffer until a healthier atmosphere settles down upon it. To honest people who hate sham, tinsel and show; who hate fawning, flattering and imitations of virtue, we would tell how to detect the hypocritical voice. The emotions it feigns are always a little overdone; it is too ardent, too sympathetic, too self-sacrificing, too honest to be real. Observe the harsh undertone which no amount of imitation can conceal, a voice within a voice—that is the real voice, and according to its quality will be the character. If that is hard, firm and metallic, young maiden, do not trust its possessor; you will find him utterly devoid of sympathy and feeling. He will use you for his pleasure and grind your beauty and honor on the slab-stones of avarice, lust and ambition. Beware of him, men of business; for in trade he will take an unfair advantage. Beware of him young man; for he will defame and shatter your fair name and character in order to advance his own vile ambition. The hypocritical voice is often a passport to society, and when its possessor avails himself of the artifices, sham, pretences, polish and address of cultivated circles, he becomes

a power in society. He is regarded as a wise and prudent man, a man of refined and elegant manners, but his thoughts are as black as night and the social circles which now worship him will some day be stifled with the odor of his foul breath. The hypocritical voice can readily imitate all the emotions and passions of the human soul except the pathetic. Nature by a wise provision has so constituted men that they cannot express the genuine emotions of pity, sympathy, love and philanthropy unless they feel such passions. All imitations are easily seen; the chromatic wail, broken voice, stifled sob, without the soul-subduing under-current of feeling, provokes laughter, not tears.

The *company* voice is akin to this voice, but it is not so mischievous. Its aim is not to advance ambitious projects, but to place people at their ease. The company voice, like the company dress, is only put on for the occasion—a little side-show to attract favorable attention. We all get to know the company voice; and we often laugh at its inconsistent drollery. Such a voice has wonderful range and compass; but the trouble is that its deep harsh notes are all at home, and its rich loving stops are all used for the entertainment of company. What an elocutionary entertainment would some people furnish, if they could be heard speaking at home and in company at the same time! If you could hear the gruff, discontented growl rolled out, in a profound bass voice across a table, at wife or child; the rich, melodious "thank you, sir," "much obliged to you, madam," sung from the same voice across the banquet table of some social gathering, you would be convinced of the compass, power and variety of expression which the Anglo-Saxon voice possesses. "Hang you woman, why don't you have my coffee hot?" "Oh, thank you, madam, that coffee is just right; I always like it a little cold; it burns the mouth when it is hot, you know." Just place the right elocutionary tones on these clauses and you will have the finest dramatic entertainment.

The *fawning, flattering* voice is not so

elevated as the company voice; its aim is low and groveling. It is an unmanly voice, expressing cowardice and insincerity; and yet to those who have large approbateness such a voice is grateful music. How many people win access to a rich man's favor who have nothing to commend them but an empty skull, a flattering voice, and a cringing disposition! The *combative* and *aggressive* voice may often be heard, especially in public brawls. How sharp and jagged the consonants, while the vowels are slapped out with radical or vanishing stress. A moderate endowment of this voice imparts sharpness and life to the other voices. The *executive* voice is more harsh and sharp than the aggressive and it is impossible to sleep when it rages. It acts on the mind like a strong wind on a stagnant pool, which blows it up into innumerable sharp ripples making it as keen as a razor. Men with such voices are full of executive power. The hard, *exacting* voice of the conscientious man is not pleasing to the sinner, especially, if it is the voice of his judge. It has a penetrating quality that makes one feel uncomfortable; it seems to enter clear through your soul, and finds its sinful places. No child loves a father with this quality of voice, especially if stubbornness be added, which is usually the case. The *reverential* or *benevolent* voice is much to be preferred. Such a voice our Savior must have had, added to all the good qualities of the other voices. It is soft, winning, mild, persuasive, and at once draws your sympathy, confidence, and love. I like to hear this voice in an old man; a man who has gone through the miseries and hardships of life and still retains the benevolent voice, is worthy of love and admiration.

The *spiritual* and *adoring* voice seems to draw its tones from heaven. It is hard to describe it, for it is really a *sui-generis* voice. It has a melody of its own. Shakspeare must have known such a voice, since he puts into the mouth of Romeo this sentiment: "Such harmony is in immortal souls." The *intellectual, matter of fact* voice is not

uncommon, even in the pulpit where it is entirely out of place. There is no emotion or life, animation or music in such a voice. The *fossil* voice! We can endure dryness but never decay. A voice that reminds you only of your frozen grandfathers, has nothing pleasant about it; yet such voices are not uncommon. Nothing betrays character more fully than the voice. The emotions and passions flow into the voice almost as soon as they flash in the eye.

A strong will can steady the voice, but is powerless to keep it natural. Genuine expression must reveal itself. You may muffle, suppress, veil and bind down the voice, but it will be all in vain, for it will gain intensity and power from the restraining of the passions, and in its very struggle for freedom will betray the pent-up emotions. The cautious tone and circumflex accent reveal prudence and wisdom as truly as the head reclining forward, or the chin placed upon the fingers. The knitting of the eyebrows, the lips drawn backward and downward can not express firmness more clearly than the decided tones of the voice. In fun and humor the voice expresses as much as the face. The drollest anecdotes fail if not delivered in a proper voice, and pathos must have its voice in order to be felt. So on with all the passions of the human heart; each has its proper voice. An actor or orator if he wishes to excel in his art must make himself acquainted with these voices. Cultivation improves, but does not eradicate natural qualities.

Artificial voices are mainly the product of training. The voices heard in the pulpit are often of this nature. The holy whine and weeping tones are assumed for the sake of effect. Ridicule and sarcasm directed against these voices have partly banished them. A *dead-level bass* voice, the result of false elocutionary drill, a few years ago was thought to be the best voice for an orator. Such an opinion is now happily exploded. The orator's voice should be endowed with every good quality, rich, musical, full, sympathetic and powerful. The *clerical* voice still lives. It is a

neat, precise voice, partly natural and partly artificial. It never strikes one as really hearty or sincere, but yet it is not unpleasant, for it indicates a certain degree of refinement. Some clergymen have voices compounded of familiarity, exaggeration and formality, which remind one of conversation with old women in private and bombastic appeals to a congregation. The physician should have a good voice, musical, sweet, full of humor and jovial spirits. Such a voice will do more good than Homeopathic or Allopathic doses.

The *legal* voice is a combination of the aggressive and unattractive. In general, it can be told to what profession men belong by their voices. The voice also reveals the nation to which a person belongs. The English voice among the educated, especially at Inverness, is round, full and expressive, but loose, flabby and drawling voices are far too common among the English peasantry. The Italian voices are musical. The French voice is rather high and has a nasal resonance. It is sharp, clear and crispy, bright and wide awake. The German voice is guttural. There are voices hard to classify, but which an actor should observe and imitate. Groaning voices, sighing voices, wailing voices, yelping and barking voices, like dogs, purring voices like cats, hissing voices like snakes, chattering voices like magpies, cooing voices like doves. Perhaps the best way to classify such voices would be to call them *menagerie* voices, for there are voices which resemble those of almost every animal in the universe. That the voice is an index to the mind is readily shown by the effect of old age, idiocy, and failing mentality on its quality. No idiot has a clear, melodious voice, for mental imbecility clouds and confuses articulation. The harsh scream of the maniac is well-known. A thick, loose and fluffy voice is incompatible with vigorous mentality. No person of prompt and decisive thought hesitates or stutters.—*Phrenological Journal*.

It is easier to blame than to do better.

AMERICAN GIRLS.

WHEN Oscar Wilde returned from the United States he gave London the benefit of "his impressions," in a lecture delivered at Prince's Hall, in which he described the American girl as "the most fascinating little despot in the world; an oasis of picturesque unreasonableness in a dreadful desert of common sense."

Doubtless many maidens sat at the feet of the apostle of the sunflower, and yet subjected him to delightful tyrannies while pleading for "a smile of sad perfection" from the "purple-eyed poet." The other day I read a description of the American girl, which called her "champagne—glittering, foamy, bubbly, sweet, dry, tart, in a word, fizzy! She has not the dreamy, magical, murmury lovable-ness of the Italian, but there is a cosmopolitan combination which makes her a most attractive coquette, a sort of social catechism—full of answer and question."

There are, however, "girls and girls" in America as elsewhere, and perhaps more rarities than even England's representative æsthetic ever dreamt of can be found there. There are girls after the type of Miss Alcott's Joes and Dolly Wards, Bret Harte's Miggles and M'liss, and Mr. James' Daisy Miller. Indeed, I feel more and more bewildered as I try to think which should be taken as strictly typical—save the one

"So frankly free
So tender and so good to see,
Because she is so sweet."

In that connection my mind reverts to a bevy of fair girls in St. Louis, fresh from that characteristic American institution, "a young lady's lunch," from which parents and guardians had been rigidly excluded. Twenty maidens—none of them "love-sick," like Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan's damsels, if I could judge by their buoyant spirits and ringing laughter—who, unfettered by the restraining presence of any one whose age exceeded their number, had enjoyed a real "elegant time," before they joined

the pleasant circle bidden to welcome me at Mrs. Pulsifer's. Visions then arise of girl graduates engrossed in struggles for academic honors, with definite plans of "a future career" well mapped up already; others flit before me who appeared only to live for dress and pleasure; whose chief anxiety was the preservation of delicate complexions by manifold artifices; whose meat and drink was the poisonous flattery always within the reach of the frivolous and the vain; whose most intellectual exercise was the discussion of dress trimmings, with equally idle *blasé* female friends, and whose most serious pursuits were flirtations accompanied by a thousand petty jealousies, mercenary matrimonial ambitions, and dime-novel reading. Then there are girls who know everything, and talk on all subjects with equal volubility and incorrectness. I saw too the languid specimen, with pallid face and phantom delicacy of outline, who cannot "walk a block" or pass a day without the aid of a rocking-chair, and a softly-cushioned sofa, supplemented by an afternoon's repose in her own chamber. There is the strait-laced New England girl, and the wild but good-hearted Western product, endowed with a healthy frame and muscles which beat time to the music of nature, but full of wayward fancies, and given to the use of strange words and phrases. Her existence is one never-ending round of sensational and mental shocks, which keep her in a nervous quiver, and allow no time for any quality save that of energy to develop itself symmetrically. But it did not seem to me that American young ladies are by any means fashioned after the same pattern as certain novelists would have Europeans imagine; nor can they be simply summed up as independent, self-reliant, intelligent, frank, bright, generous, or impulsive beings, who can go anywhere or do anything.

An American girl is happily not yet hampered by the arbitrary red-tape regulation which weighs down the souls of

some of her less fortunate European sisters. Pleasant social intercourse with other girls' brothers is not fenced in with French or even English rigorous restrictions. She may receive an "afternoon call" from a gentleman, without having gone through, or even thought of, the formality of a definite engagement to marry him. He asks at the door for her—not for her mother or chaperon—and she proceeds to the drawing-room for a *tête à tête* in the most natural matter-of-fact way possible. In some circles she still goes out driving or sleighing, or even to the theatre, with the young man of her acquaintance, without getting herself "talked about," or becoming the scandal of the neighborhood as she would for similar freedoms in Great Britain.

But the well-bred American girl does not act in the outrageous fashion, or enjoy the wild liberty painted in highly-colored pictures of life across the Atlantic. Gradually European etiquette has obtained a hold in the Great Republic, and in good society the girls of to-day do not go about with even the freedom they exhibited during my first visit ten years ago.

But I had a curious illustration of how such restrictions are sometimes regarded. A frank, manly specimen of a New England College man, who was home for a week's vacation, asked his mother in my presence for the loan of her brougham, if a certain young lady accompanied him on the following night to the theatre. "I shall not take her," he added with stern dignity, "if she has these new-fangled English notions of needing a chaperon." His mother afterward explained to me, that he still regarded the necessity of a chaperon as casting a direct suspicion on his behavior, and resented it accordingly.

Although greater liberty than English girls possess is still accorded in certain American circles in the case of bachelor friends, a girl is not allowed by the unwritten law of society to go out alone with any married gentleman. While staying at the New York Hotel I was much amused at finding a girl, who had gone to the theatre a few nights pre-

viously with a young man to whom she had only been introduced the day before, show considerable surprise, mixed with a little righteous indignation, when an Englishman she knew very well asked her to accompany him to Wallack's in the place of his wife, who had "seen the play and did not care to go." To be escorted by a married man would be considered incorrect in New York, while the very reverse holds good with us in London; a married friend of the family, under such circumstances, might be admissible, but no English girl could go to a play alone with a bachelor, without affording food for unpleasant gossip, and outraging conventional propriety.

Certainly, outside the fast set in the cities, I believe there is no country which holds woman's honor more sacred than America. A girl's reputation is neither a matter to be talked about, nor guarded day by day by watchful mothers and chaperons. The happy medium course in this as in most things is what is required, and this perhaps neither country has as yet achieved. Prudish barriers lead to much misunderstanding in the one case, and in the other there is a freedom which can easily be distorted into license.

It seemed to me that American girls were more sprightly and far cleverer than boys of their own age, and many of them managed to take the lead without being pert, fast, or unfeminine; while wandering where their fancy took them in a manner which would make every separate hair on the head of the conventional English mother stand on end, they evinced a dignity and self-respect which surrounded them with a protection far more valuable than any which could be extended by parents and guardians.

I wonder what American girls would think of the woes just confided to me by a young English friend I chanced to meet the other day. She is supposed to have "outraged propriety," because a young gentleman who is paying great attention to her, used to meet her in her walks and sometimes accompany her to her brother's door. She is considered old enough to keep his house, but the right

of choosing her own friends is denied her, and accordingly she is forbidden to walk abroad under pain of being dismissed from her honorary position of housekeeper to a brother about the same age as herself! This is of course an exceptional case, almost approaching the French system of surveillance, which is as utterly wrong from beginning to end as any idea that ever took possession of a sagacious people. The continental idealization of angelic virtue does not compare with the English or American girl for either firmness of purpose or high principle. Nature revenges herself in morbid and unhealthy growths.

The rich American woman has undoubtedly "a good time," and I am prepared to maintain that, on the whole, America is a paradise for married women. I do not mean "that wives are pampered, or husbands put upon," far less that there are no such things as unhappy marriages and tyrannical husbands in the United States, but generally speaking a chivalrous courtesy accords a wife far greater liberty of action than can be found in middle-class English families, and I do not think that American hus-

bands have had any cause to regret it. Ladies who live in magnificent houses, of course, find their household cares reduced to a minimum, and they have absolute command over their own time, society, and amusements, while life in hotels deprives a wife of all domestic burdens, and sometimes acts in anything but a beneficial way; for instance, as there is no "family breakfast" to be arranged, the husband unheeding will forage for himself as he goes past the breakfast-room on his way to his office. I have sometimes seen several members of one family having meals at different times throughout the day—a great convenience for special occasions, but somewhat destructive of the family gathering we prize so much in England. "Going into housekeeping" is the strange phrase which continually meets one's ear in an American hotel, when a growing family or increasing banking balance suggests the establishment of a home. Young married couples generally begin their career in hotels, where they can obtain all they require on moderate terms, and escape that terrible "servant question."—*Emily Faithfull.*

VALUE OF JEWELS.

FOR two or three months reports of fluctuations in the prices of jewels have led to the belief that gems were as uncertain in value as stocks. From time immemorial money invested in precious stones has been held to be invested well. People forget fashions in jewels change as much as fashions in dress—that emeralds and crinolines were once as popular as pearls and pinbacks are now.

Take diamonds for example. Time was, thirty years ago, when a lover gave his lass an engagement ring of an inferior, half-carat diamond ranging in price from thirty to fifty dollars, and groaned in spirit at his own extravagance, while the lady strutted, and her girl friends writhed in envy. But *nous avons change tout cela!* There is now a very light demand for low-grade diamonds, such

as the Cape produces. Girls are connoisseurs in gems, and know the texture of a diamond as they know the texture of silk. Men, too, are more desperately enamored than of yore. Few girls resemble the *nouvelle riche* who, entering Ball & Black's in a blaze of shot silks, camel's-hairs, and gold chains, asked to see diamond solitaire earrings. After studying them carefully, with her head on one side and a critical air, she transfixed the clerk with a knowing look, and said severely: "Now, you're perfectly certain these are genuine solitaires?" In our day the price of the inferior gem has dropped and that of the pure, high grade, brilliant diamond has risen immensely. It is extravagance breaking out in a new place. Diamonds of from three to five carats, from Gol-

conda end Brazil, command fancy prices. Mr. Wilson's wedding gift to his bride, Miss Carrie Astor, two winter's ago, was a diamond necklace from Tiffany's, which cost eighty thousand dollars. It was not particularly showy, but the stones were remarkably fine.

Fashion, like history, repeats itself. During the decadence of the Roman Empire, when Nero was feasting on nightingale's tongues, by the lurid light of the "live torches," and Caligula was shocking even light-mannered Rome, pearls were the fashion, and like most fashions of those sumptuous days, it was carried to an extreme. Nero and Caligula trimmed their buskins with pearls, and had their chairs studded with them. Cæsar gave Servilia, sister to stern Cato, a pearl, which according to the chronicles of the day, must have been worth, in modern money, two hundred and forty-thousand dollars. Pearls were the first gems worn. Long before the diamond's day they clasped the white throats of the Capuan beauties, and wreathed the dark heads of Solomon's six hundred charm-ers. Some twenty years ago, they were out of favor. But fashion suddenly changed, pearls again became the rage, and in ten years they rose forty per cent. in price. They are now more popular than any other jewel. Chains of them worth seventy-five and eighty thousand dollars are frequently sold. So fashionable have they become that ladies who can't afford the genuine article wear Roman pearls, which make a fair skin look doubly white, and can only be detected by connoisseurs.

Pearls are said to possess the property of fading away. A story was current in England, some time since, that an enormous pearl, a family heirloom of great antiquity, crumbled into dust on the neck of a young girl who was dancing at a ball. The handsomest pearls in the country are those of Mrs. August Belmont; the largest is fully the size of a goodsized marble.

Rubies, sapphires, topazes and emeralds come under the head of corundums. Aluminum and silica form the base of all these gems and crystallization com-

pletes them. When Pythagoras said that Nature was always busy in her underground chambers with geometrical problems, he referred to this crystallizing process of precious stones. Iron, which has been called the colorist of nature, penetrating these crystals, dyes them different colors—thus sapphire is really a blue ruby, a topaz a yellow sapphire, and an oriental emerald a green topaz. Freaks of fashion regulate the relative price of corundums. The emerald is at present laid on the shelf. It is rarely worn, and consequently, an emerald that twenty years ago was worth eight hundred dollars, would bring only half that sum to-day. They have never been as popular for personal adornment as pearls; in the old days they were more useful than ornamental. Nero, who had quite an affection for gems, and who was near-sighted, used to watch the games at the amphitheatre through an emerald hol- lowed out to fit his eye—the original of the eye-glass so dear to the heart of the dude. In the middle ages emeralds were used as a preventive against disease. An emerald at the head of the bed was a safeguard against nightmare, hypochondria, and dreams. And a sure cure for toothache or sore throat was letting an emerald attached to a string down one's throat. Through absolute faith in the mystic healing powers of the gems, cures were no doubt occasionally affected.

The price of rubies has risen of late more than that of any other gem. A ruby that ten or twelve years ago was worth a few hundreds is now worth as many thousands. This is owing to the increased demand and to the diminished supply. Should no fresh discoveries be made, rubies will become almost priceless. Mrs. Langtry set the fashion in this country. When she landed at New York she said, with the artless candor of her class, that her English admirers gave her diamonds, and she wanted her American victims to follow their example with rubies. The *jeunesse doree* of New York, good, obliging little boys, immediately trotted off to Tiffany's after the rosy gem. Jay Gould's son,

George, whose copious tears of "The Silver King" established his reputation as a man of feeling, spent a fortune on rubies.

Sapphires take a middle stand in public favor between the ruby and emerald; they are generally set with diamonds. The topaz has gone out of fashion simply because it cannot be bought. The oriental topaz, which comes in exquisite shades of pink, blue and canary, is almost as rare as a roc's egg. There is probably not one in the State of California. It ranks next to the diamond in hardness. Still, it was said of the Emperor Maximinus, the giant, who at one blow of his royal fist knocked all his horse's teeth down his throat, and with one kick could break the leg of any beast, whether wife, dog or horse, that he could crush a topaz to powder by grinding it in his hand.

The radiance insincere of the opal is proverbial. Sir Walter Scott damaged the gem irreparably in "Anne of Gerolstein." It consists of silica and water; the finest specimens come from Hungary

and Honduras, though the fire opal of Mexico is not without beauty. The opal of Nonius has become historical. It was the size of a filbert, full of fire and color: Anthony coveted it, and Nonius, rather than part with it, chose dishonorable exile, with his treasure to bear him company. The love borne by men for these "stones of affection" is extraordinary. Prince Potemkin took a sensual delight in the society of his diamonds, gloating over them for hours as they coruscated and glowed in the lamplight. Mr. Hope's great blue diamond, a king among gems, was loved by its owner. Napoleon I, had the Regent, the most magnificent diamond in the world, mounted in the hilt of his sword, where he could have it ever before him.

It would be a good thing if the amethyst could become as favorite a companion of man, if there be any truth in its name, which is said to mean a "specific against drunkenness."—*Argonaut.*

The easiest way to dignity is humility.

THE BABY IN UTAH.

IN Utah there was a simplicity which reminded me of nothing so much as Wilkie's pictures. It was pure rusticity. Above all, "the baby" was in great force. What an ineffable person the baby is! I am not at all sure that they might not be improved upon—but let that pass. As they are, they are well worth studying. They are diplomatists of the most experienced kind, and there is nothing in the world which is not within the scope of a baby's ambition. They are very uncommunicative about their likes, leaving their satisfaction to be inferred from their complacency, but their dislikes they proclaim with considerable diligence and emphasis. There is, indeed, no mistaking those things to which a baby objects, for it leaves no room for misapprehension; but content is expressed only by a profound silence. This is truly royal, for kings and emper-

ors in the same way do not condescend to express delight with any effusion, but, on the contrary, leave it to be understood that they are pleased by not exhibiting any demonstration of displeasure. "Every baby is born a prince"—and nothing truer was ever said. Few of them, it is true, grow up kings, but every cradle nevertheless is a throne, and the bottle, the rattle, and the night-light are the sacred insignia of sovereign rule. Sycophants are forever hovering round the tiny magnate, vying with each other to catch a smile or win a chuckle, and even when they fail, pretending to each other that they have succeeded.

Meanwhile the baby. Flattery is wasted upon him, and adulation does not affect him. To the intrigues of sycophants and the defferential blandishments of visitors he responds with impartial serenity, going to sleep under a storm of

compliments, or turning to his bottle in the very midst of a seige of caresses. He betrays no pleasure in wealth, or beauty, or intellect, and lets slip no sign of interest in sensational intelligence. The whole *Dream of Fair Women* might pass in procession, and he would not check a yawn, while if an empire were falling in ruins about him, he would not take his eyes off the gas-light. This wonderful philosophy, which withstands unmoved, the assaults of female beauty, and accepts without a gesture of surprise or regret the downfall of nations, baffles adult conjecture and routs logic. There is no arguing with a baby, for it has no premises in its syllogisms, and expresses itself by conclusions only, the unqualified affirmative or unqualified negative. If it will, it does, and if it will not, there is an end of the matter. One might as well offer a suggestion to the equinoxes as to the baby. Such being the case, and the baby refusing to respond to hints, there is nothing for it but to accept quiescence as satisfaction, and screaming as the reverse. The arrangement, perhaps, is not a bad one, for it saves everybody a world of trouble. On the one hand, the baby finds itself under no necessity of explaining either the gradations of pleasure or the causes for its disapprobation. Like the wise judge, it gives its decision, but not the reasons for it. The door is thus closed against haggling, and the tedious unravelling of cause and effect is avoided. The baby's friends, on the other hand, find a sharp line laid down for them of likes and dislikes, and have not to puzzle and perplex themselves about any debatable border-land of tastes, any probable this or possible that. They are saved all the worries of uncertainty, and are not distracted among a large choice of expedients. If the baby is quiet, it is happy. If it is not quiet, hold it upside down, and if it is still disturbed, give it some refreshment. This delightful simplicity of treatment makes it possible, therefore, even though the baby is reticent, to arrive with accuracy at the state of its feelings, and it also circumscribes the sphere of its pleasures so exactly as

to make it unnecessary to seek for variety. What babies hate is irregularity. They want very little, but they like that little often and punctually. It is of no use, therefore, when the baby wants to be turned round and patted on the back, to try to put it off with an exhibition of the old masters, or to hold it up to look at a regatta. This only makes it scream. Procrastination in bottles makes the baby mad. For the baby there is nothing in all history, let it be steam machinery or the Edmunds Bill, electricity or the Habeas Corpus Act, so important as the invention of India-rubber tubing, and it would rather see the sun, moon, and stars drop out of the skies than take its thumb out of its mouth. Why is it, then, that so many mothers carry their infants "in arms" about with them to theatres and picnics, to places of refreshment and of recreation? Even though, as I have already said, we cannot be sure that babies enjoy these festivities unless they tell us so, there is great reason for believing, by inference from their customary behavior, that they would much rather be left at home.

Few mothers, however, of the class to which I refer, have the heart to leave their bairns at home. They can not, like the squaws, hang their papooses up in baskets from the roofs of the wigwams, or, like the women of the South-sea Islands, sling their infants up to the boughs of trees, while they go about their work. The American or British baby is not a primitive person, and if it is not punctually attended to, soon lets everybody in the neighborhood into the secret. The papoose may suffer and be strong, but that is only because the papoose sees no chance of advantage from protest. The Feejee piccaninny also may acquiesce in its abnormal hammock from a philosophic sense of necessity. But the Baby of Freedom fully understands that he is the result of natural selection, that he survives because he is the fittest, and that he is "the heir of all the ages in the foremost files of time." He sees, moreover, that parents, servants, and visitors fully recognize these important facts,

and so, wielding the sceptre while he may, he rules the household with a rod of iron. If he does not wish to be put down, somebody has to hold him, and as he will not lie quietly alone, somebody has to carry him about. An opportunity for a holiday presents itself to the parents, but the baby has no intention of being overlooked. The mother must either take the infant with her or leave it at home to choke, and, to her credit, be it said, she generally adopts the former alternative. And what a weary strain the precious burden becomes before the evening's enjoyment is over! It is of no use for the father to offer to hold it. The baby detects the irregularity at once. Equally futile is it to talk of "putting the baby down," for it refuses to be treated like a parcel or a riot. The little creature is inexorable, selecting always the moments of greatest discomfort to increase embarrassment by its complaints, or the instant when silence would be more than golden to lift up its voice in remonstrance. In the long-run it has its way, for if the mother intends to be happy herself, she must see that the baby is satisfied with its circumstances; and so, under the honorable terms of mutual respect, both mother and child manage somehow to "have a good time" together.

Phil. Robinson.

JAPAN'S NATIONAL FLOWER.—The cherry-blossom is the national flower of Japan, as the rose is of England; the lily, of France; the thistle, of Scotland; and the shamrock, of Ireland. On the Mikado's flags, papers and carriages, and on the soldiers' caps and uniform, you will see the open chrysanthemum. But the flower of the people and the nation is the flower of the blossoming cherry-tree. The Japanese cultivate, all over Japan by the millions, the sakura-tree, which is valued only for the beauty of its blossoms. From an entire tree you could not get ripe cherries enough to make a pie; but the blossoms are massed together on the boughs like clouds, and the blooms are often as large as a rose. Picnics in Japan are called "going to

see the flowers." In June millions of the people go out to sing, and sport, and laugh, and play under the cherry-trees, or to catch "the snow showers that do not fall from the skies." There are tens of thousands of stanzas of poetry about the cherry-tree. Some of the people become so enchanted with the lovely blossoms under them, as to even worship the famous old trees.

Many a child goes astray, not because there is a want of prayer or virtue at home, but simply because home lacks sunshine. A child needs smiles as much as flowers and sunbeams. Children look little beyond the present moment. If a thing pleases, they are apt to seek it; if it displeases, they are prone to avoid it. If home is the place where faces are sour and words harsh, and faultfinding is ever in the ascendant, they will spend as many hours as possible elsewhere. Let every parent try to make home happy. Let the children have plenty of amusement at home, and they will not seek elsewhere for it.

BOOKS.

Thank God for books! They cheer us ever on,
And teach us how to live and how to die;
They live and smile and love us though the sun
Of human friendship clouds its trusted eye.

A bookless life! How vain and dark and drear
To nobler mind! Heaven guard me from
such lot,

For little else of pleasure find we here;—

Ah, what were life on earth if books were not!

Thank God for books! Dear friends so constant still,

Though nearer hearts do coldly turn away,
They're still the same through happiness and ill;
Their praise shall live where beams a brighter
day!

Ruby Lawmont.

WHAT MATTERS IT?

Who weeds and prunes the rose?

We stop not to inquire.

For its own beauty's sake

We seek it and admire.

Searchers for truth are we,

E'er anxious to obtain,

Nor care whence or by whom

The truth is but made plain.

THE CONTRIBUTOR.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

JUNIUS F. WELLS, EDITOR.

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SALT LAKE CITY, JANUARY, 1886.

THE CONTRIBUTOR COMPANY.

It is with feelings of pleasure that we announce the formation of the CONTRIBUTOR Company, which was incorporated under the laws of the Territory of Utah, on the eleventh day of January, 1886.

The purposes for which the company is formed are named in the articles of incorporation, as follows: To conduct the business of printing, publishing, book-binding, engraving, and electrotyping, in all their several branches; to buy and sell books and periodicals; to found and manage a library, and to deal in works of art.

The company's principal place of business will be at Salt Lake City, and the term of its existence shall be fifty years.

The board of directors consists of five stockholders; and the officers are a president, vice-president, secretary and treasurer, with a provision that the offices of secretary and treasurer may be held by one person.

The amount of the capital stock of the CONTRIBUTOR Company is twenty thousand dollars, divided into one hundred shares of the par value of one hundred dollars each; one-half of this amount has been subscribed and fully paid up; the remaining shares are deemed the property of the corporation, to be disposed of by the board of directors.

The term of office of the officers is one year, and until their successors are elected and qualified, and the annual meeting of the stockholders for the election of directors, and the transaction of other lawful business of the corporation, is called to be held on the first Monday

in October, of each year, at the principal office of the company.

It is provided that each stockholder shall be entitled to as many votes as he holds shares of capital stock, and that any of the officers may be removed at a stockholder's meeting, held for that purpose, by a vote of the majority.

The names of the parties signing the articles of incorporation are as follows: Junius F. Wells, Heber J. Grant, Richard W. Young, Orson F. Whitney, F. M. Lyman, Moses Thatcher, B. H. Roberts, John Henry Smith, and Joseph F. Smith; from among whom the following have been appointed as the board of directors and officers: Junius F. Wells, President; Moses Thatcher, Vice-president; B. H. Roberts, Secretary and Treasurer; Heber J. Grant and Orson F. Whitney Directors.

The company has bought out and takes possession of the CONTRIBUTOR, receiving its subscription list, advertising patronage, stock of books, engravings, etc., and the good will of the business, which has been secured in the six years of the magazine's existence. The company takes possession of the business from the commencement of volume seven, and will fulfill the obligations entered into for the current year.

We can but congratulate the friends of the CONTRIBUTOR—those who have aided in its prosperity and success—at the organization of the Company, which will in the future conduct and manage the affairs of this magazine. Six years ago, when the proposition was made to publish the CONTRIBUTOR, its founder canvassed the sentiment prevailing among the officers of the Improvement Associations, and found a universal desire among them to have a magazine representative of them, and published in their interests. While apprehension was felt, by those who had experience in the publishing business, for its financial success, none doubted that such a periodical might be made the means of cultivating, and encouraging the literary tastes of our young people and of promoting literary exercises among them. By careful attention to its business, and

using the best material to make the magazine a worthy publication,deserving the patronage of the public,it has been made to succeed, and has found a warm reception in the homes of our people. Its circulation has gradually increased, and its influence for good is generally acknowledged; it has supplanted much of the light literature, whose pernicious influence its design has been to counteract; it has gone abroad into the world as a representative of the young men and women of our people, and has borne testimony of their purity of thought and purpose and sincerity of faith in the cause, which engages their life's endeavor.

The CONTRIBUTOR has enlisted the sympathies, and won the confidence and love of many who have the talent and desire to write. Over one hundred contributors to its columns have made their first appearance, as writers for the press, in its pages, and new names are being added to this list with almost every number. The encouragement which the publisher has received from the public, if not all that could be reasonably expected, has been sufficient to justify the publication. And we are confident that under favorable conditions and judicious management the success of the magazine might, from this time on, be regarded as established, and its prosperity insured.

Other interests and varied duties requiring our personal attention, we have felt for some time past that it would be wiser to place the magazine upon such a footing,that it should not depend upon the exertion and attention of a single individual for its prosperity; and that it would more surely attain its legitimate growth and reach the full purpose and intent of its being, were its business in the hands of a properly constituted company, composed of its best friends—those having the interests of the institutions it represents at heart, and who are recognized among the people as authorities.

We can but hope that this movement will promote the well being of the magazine and meet the cordial approval and support of its friends; and we

confidently commend the company to the agents and patrons of the magazine, trusting that they will aid, with renewed interest, in the future conduct and management of its business, to give the CONTRIBUTOR the circulation among the people which it's merits deserve.

We desire to extend our grateful acknowledgment and sincere thanks to the officers of the Improvement Associations, to our agents and subscribers for their consideration and support, by which we have been encouraged in the publication of the magazine. Our relations with all have been of the most pleasant and agreeable character, and we trust that as a company they will continue, and that the feelings of friendship, which have been formed may become firm and steadfast, promoting the interests of the publishers and subscribers, and insuring the greatest possible benefits to the young people of Zion, in whose interests the magazine was founded, and has been, and will continue to be published.

We request that the agents will make as complete a canvass as possible for subscribers, without delay, and use their efforts to have every young man and woman in Zion read the CONTRIBUTOR. It will be the constant aim of the company to make the magazine worthy of support, and a periodical of home literature of such a character that our people will be proud of it, and will regard every volume as a book of value, deserving a place in their libraries, which nothing else can so well occupy. We call attention to the announcements of the company published in the advertising pages, and trust that they will be carefully read by agents and subscribers.

THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY.

THE death of the Earl of Shaftesbury, following so closely that of Sir Moses Montefiore, has caused much lamentation among the needy, sorrowful and lowly in England. In faith so widely differing, yet in practice, purpose, determination, purity of character, simplicity of life, and scholarly attainments so like,

these two men were beloved by all people, and henceforth the names of Montefiore and Shaftesbury will be remembered with gratitude and their mention will kindle kindly thoughts and stimulate good motives.

When a man of renown falls out of the ranks of the great battle of life, the question first to arise is, "Who will stand in his place?" Many people of wealth have generous impulses, are overflowing with genuine sympathy, yet lack the executive ability necessary to make these impulses valuable. Lamentably deficient are many really excellent people in the discrimination which insures the best use of their benefactions.

In Lord Shaftesbury all the elements of a grand philanthropic life were harmoniously blended. He possessed in a large degree the courage to follow up his convictions of a needed reform to a successful climax, and was never slow to use the lever of good English money to uproot an evil. In that, he had the advantage of many a brave and wise humanitarian, who fails to convince the pockets of the rich into the comradeship with his heart. Lord Shaftesbury did not need to "go a begging" for the wherewithal to prove his statements. Perhaps next in value to him, with his ample means, was the hearty co-operation of his wife and children in all his benevolent enterprises.

Lord Shaftesbury was born in London, April 28, 1801. He was educated at Oxford, where he won distinction for thorough scholarship. As Lord Ashley, he represented various constituencies in the House of Commons. In 1851 he became, by the death of his father, Earl Shaftesbury and entered the House of Lords. The unflinching integrity of the man was proven when Sir Robert Peel was called to the Premiership the second time, as he then positively refused longer to hold office under a Prime Minister, who would not give his support to "the ten hour bill" which Lord Ashley had in charge. From that time until his death he was independent in politics, devoting his time as a statesman to the amelioration of the condition of the

working classes and the abatement of suffering among the poor. A statesman in the best sense of the word, he realized that benefactions to the needy, and diatribes against their wrongs were but wasted ammunition in an important warfare. If the law did not cover the same ground with a restraining hand in every enterprise, Lord Shaftesbury agitated for laws on the subject, and many of the sanitary provisions and acts concerning the employment of women and children in the factories owe their existence to his energy and persistence. He did not say to others "do this," but that which he saw needed doing he did promptly. His heart being engaged in the work, his hands, his pen, his eloquent tongue and his open purse were ever joined with it.

The *London Times* says:—"There are men now living who remember how the evidence collected by him concerning the treatment of children in factories sent a thrill of horror through the length and breadth of England." That was the beginning of his career as a humanitarian and fearless advocate of the rights of the poor. He was then but thirty-two years old, and presented to the world the sublime spectacle of a man of wealth, culture and talent giving up the promise of a bright career in the world of letters for the actual drudgery of personal investigation of sanitary, moral, and mental conditions among the lowest class of London's poor. To his efforts at that time the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children owes its present power.

Many characteristic anecdotes are told of him. He never forgot a face to which his attention had been called; he never refused a token of kindly regard from any of his portegés and would turn away from a nobleman's cultured conversation to hear the broken tale of a sorrow-stricken charwoman or a boot-black in "hard luck." The costermongers of London, when they realized that it was through Lord Shaftesbury's efforts that their patient beasts were more kindly cared for and their business correspondingly improved, presented him with the handsomest

donkey in the city. Jack was graciously accepted, and became a great pet with the Earl and his family at Folkestone.

When on October 1st, the news fell like a knell on London "Lord Shaftesbury is dead!" the people mourned as for a father. In token of their appreciation of his good works "the poor of London came in vast crowds" to follow the remains of the philanthropist to his last resting-place. In politics he was conservative, but when he rose to address a meeting he was greeted with unbounded enthusiasm and probably addressed more people upon a wider scope of subjects than any other man. One source of his convincing eloquence was that he first carefully investigated a subject, then studied out the best course of action. His facts no man could gainsay; his remedies he believed in and was willing to pay the price of first experiments.

In all the churches of the great city of London ceremonial services were held on the Sabbath following the death of Lord Shaftesbury. Neither creeds nor language interfered with the tributes to the memory of a good man, noble beyond

the titles earthly decorations can bestow. Canon Duckworth in his sermon at Westminster Abbey, October 14, after alluding to the frivolous character of modern society said, "How refreshing is the spectacle of a life lived grandly aloof from these and all other vanities, all the mean and be-littling influences at work in our generation—such a life as that of which England is now mourning the close, devoted almost to the last hour of its lengthened span to the most solid employments and the most beneficent ends. There is, indeed, hope for us amid many tokens of degeneracy if we can appreciate the surpassing beauty and dignity of such a career as Lord Shaftesbury's. For no more precious gift can God bestow upon a nation than such an example as that great Christian philanthropist has bequeathed, not only to the order of which he was the noblest ornament, but to every class of the community, for whose sake he "scorned delights and lived laborious days."

To become an able man in any profession, there are three things necessary—nature, study, and practice.—*Aristotle.*

INFLUENCE OF THE BIBLE.

FEW people have any idea to what extent we are indebted to the Bible for much of our language. Words are the symbols of ideas, intended to convey thoughts to the minds of others, though I have heard it said that instead of giving expression to thoughts, words are more frequently employed for the purpose of concealing one's feelings. The English language is that of a Christian people, whose thoughts and fears and hopes are Christian, and these have become the very life blood of the language. Take from among Christian nations the thoughts, the feelings and the aspirations that the Bible has inspired and their language would become meaningless verbiage—a body from which the spirit has departed, a rose whence has flown the blush that made it beautiful,

a violet whose perfume is shed, the withered petals only left to remind one of that which had once been so sweet and so lovely.

The current of our lives has been shaped by the ever inflowing tide of Bible principles, and we are borne unconsciously upon its bosom, striving vainly at times to stay its onward course, yet possessed the while with an intuitive knowledge that it will still buoy us on and, if we are but willing, place us, in the end, on the safe shore of that land where all paths are those of pleasantness and all ways those of peace. Its power is no less potent on those who yield, than over those who resist its beneficent influence, and who, were they sufficiently strong, would so change its current, as not only to insure their own

destruction, but that also of those who are capable of beholding its power for good. The Christianity of the Bible is the life blood; nay, the very source of our language—the fountain whence flows our feelings. Words are the mere machines by which these feelings are conveyed to others. To destroy the fountain, therefore, would be to render valueless all the complicated and multifarious machinery of language, by which the living waters have been distributed among mankind. In vain do skeptics and atheists attempt to overcome this fact, which offers such stubborn resistance that it has never been shaken, nor ever will be, until, from another source, mankind gradually imbibes new hopes and fears. What promises are held out by all civilized men to their struggling fellows as a sure reward for well-doing? Only such as the Bible gives. Whence comes that unfailing assurance that every man will reap the results of his evil deeds? From the Bible. If we bless, it is with such a blessing as the God of the Bible has promised; and to curse, is to steal the vengeance of Almighty God, which the Bible records. Whether, therefore, we bless or whether we curse, civilized people all appeal to the Bible. The weapons which the atheist and the skeptic command, when assaulting Christianity, are such as have been stolen from the Bible armory. The Promethean fire they would have us believe has been imparted to them by that will-o'-the-wisp godless "liberty" or "free thought," is in truth, the sacred flame of the Bible, which has withstood the assaults of ages and grown only brighter by the contest. Is it to lose its lustre now because of the puny strivings of those, who would scatter its glowing embers to the four winds of envy, ignorance, hatred and ingratitude? Try the atheist. Ask him for a hope, and if he responds, he will give you such as the Bible has held out temptingly for ages. Offend him, and he will damn you with Bible judgment, or he will call upon the great Being, whose very existence he denies, to afflict you with a curse which the Bible has taught him. So it has

been for ages; and there is as little reason for wishing, as hope of seeing the influence of the Bible, and its effect in moulding our thoughts and thus creating our language, lessened, during the centuries that are to come.

Prayer is the easiest form of speech

That infant lips can try;

Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach

The Majesty on high.

We imbibe Christianity from the moment we are conceived. The nourishment given by a mother to the nestling babe carries in its flow the imperceptible germs of that unseen power. Our surroundings as we live through infancy, as we leave childhood, as we pass from youth, as we depart from maturity, and as we sink into the grave are all Christian. Strive as we may, that unseen and subtle power pervades our lives, nourishes us, develops us, and is, as it were, in the very air we breathe, in every muscle and fibre of our being. To attempt to escape its influence were as vain as for a man to hope to exist without food, without air,—to live on after the last drop of blood had ebbed from the stilled heart. It cannot be. The very denial of its existence seems to carry with it an acknowledgment of its mysterious, yet irresistible power. The greater the exertion displayed by the skeptic in his endeavor to live without it, the more palpable becomes the evidence that he cannot shake off its spell; but like a plant partially torn from the nourishing soil, by an unhappy chance wind, he lives on development—to his glorying in what he foolishly believes is complete independence of the conditions so essential to his very existence.

Atheism is suicide. It is the suicide of all that is in the man which is without the keeping — his higher, his spiritual nature. Such flashes of light as may be seen, are but the re-kindling, (too often only momentary) of the embers of Christianity, still slumbering amid the deadening ashes of his hatred to the better life that lies before him.

Yes, there are ashes among the flames of Christianity. Many of them. The hearth is not always clean, but he were

foolish, indeed, who would cast aside the diamond because of its lack of lustre. The gem of Christianity has not yet reached that alluring brightness which is to attract all because of its brilliance. Christianity, Bible teaching, needs the individual polishing that its inherent beauty may truly shine. That once given, it becomes a light pure and dazzling beyond all else—the sun of the soul. “Truly the light is sweet and a pleasant thing it is for the eye to behold the sun,” but how much more to feel that spiritual illumination which floods the whole being with ineffable glory!

Yet, to destroy this is, summing the question up, the work of the atheist. And with its destruction, could it be accomplished, would come the loss of hope and a feeling presence of fear that could know no relief. The aspiration which now moves us to exertion, because of the assurance of reward, would be unknown; we would become poorer than the brutes; for the fountain of our thoughts drying up, the vessels with which we now quench the thirst of each other—words or language—would be as a stench in our nostrils, a mockery in our sight, and a fate infinitely worse than barbarism would necessarily result. So closely, so wholly has the Bible become the life of our language, by being the nourishment on which our thoughts thrive, that could it be destroyed in a day, together with its effects, I do not believe there would be left a solitary result of our eighteen hundred years Christian civilization.

The Bible is the mother of our language, and, passing unnoticed the fact, upon its teachings are based our laws, while our hopes for the future rest upon its promises, it should be revered, if not for its age, at least for the reason that it has given birth to superb language and shaped the current upon which the ship of civilization glides.

R. W. Sloan.

TIDAL WAVES.

The straits of Magellan, presenting some of the grandest sea-cliffs in the world, are not difficult of passage to

steamers, but to sailing vessels they offer a combination of very serious obstacles, on account of the extreme and sudden fury of the squalls, the narrowness of the channel, which makes it difficult to beat against head winds, and above all for the extreme violence and velocity of the current that rushes through the straits. The Channel Islands also often trip up the unwary ship with their numerous counter-currents and tides, seeking an outlet through an astonishing intricate of reefs, shelves, and islets. As if these were not enough, the demons of the sea have on hand a variety of other perils, which they are prepared to display without warning, carrying with them devastation and destruction on a scale that is appalling, and to the last degree sublime. Bores, or the great waves of the incoming tide, rushing up narrow bays or estuaries, need only to be alluded to, like the bore of the Ganges or the Bay of Fundy, which rolls in a solid wall of water thirty-five to forty feet high, and at spring tides sometimes over seventy feet high. The pigs that go down to the beach to root for clams hear suddenly a roar, which announces that the tide is coming. They turn tail at once, and run for the solid shore as if the devil himself were after them.

But these are regular manifestations of the power and mystery of the sea to which one soon becomes accustomed. It is the unexpected rises of the sea, called sometimes tidal waves (although this seems to be a term which does not quite express their character), that are more to be dreaded, and none of the destructive phenomena of Nature, visible to our eyes, have ever been more fraught with danger to man. They often accompany a hurricane at the equinoctial or change of the monsoon, and, sweeping inland with a fury that knows no control, overwhelm houses and forests, founder fleets, or lift them from their anchors and leave them high and dry on the shore, and snatch hundreds and thousands of human beings to the remorseless deep. In the hurricane which swept over the eastern coast of New England in 1870 the tide rose to such a height

that the famous schooner-yacht *Vesta* was carried over some high ledges without touching. When the sea subsided she lay on the sand with a lofty barrier of rock between her and the sea, which had to be blasted to pieces before she could be floated.

Such a tidal wave it was which burst over Holland five centuries ago, and formed the great gulf called the *Zuyder-Zee*, not only destroying the population, but actually annihilating the land on which they dwelt. Such a wave, or *eagre*, it was which overwhelmed the lowlands of Lincolnshire, so well described in Jean Ingelow's famous poem. Such a tidal wave it was, eighty-nine feet in height, which destroyed Callao. But the most awful event of this sort of our century was the hurricane and tidal wave which a few years ago devastated the alluvial shores of Bengal, and, completely submerging an island on the coast, obliterated a population of two hundred and fifteen thousand souls in one night.

The captain of an American bark, which was anchored in the roads of Chittagong on that fearful night, told me that when the cyclone was set in at evening he was surrounded by a fleet of over one hundred and fifty sail. Although the barometer was low, the signs did not indicate what a catastrophe was at hand. But, as the night wore on, the wind arose to a degree absolutely appalling. They could not stand on deck; he watched in the wheel-house, every moment expecting the vessel to founder or part her cables, and drag on shore. She buried her bowsprit under, and, as they found the next day, the spray, loaded with mud, was blown up to the top-gallant yards. When day broke at last over the raging scene, he discovered that of all the large fleet anchored there at evening, every ship but his own had foundered or drifted ashore, while the town was prostrate, and the cocoanut-groves which surrounded it had disappeared. He attributed the safety of his ship to the very excellent ground-tackle with which she had been provided before leaving Boston.

Tidal waves are often caused by submarine earthquakes in apparently fine weather, without any relation to hurricanes, although often accompanying them. The tidal wave of 1868, which broke on the shores of Peru, and swept in eight hours to Japan, overwhelming cities and fleets, was accompanied by the most tremendous earthquake of our century. Submarine convulsions also often occur which hurl vast surges on shore without producing any other effect. These are called "rages" in the English West Indies. Such a wave, over forty feet high, heaved up without warning at the Island of Eleuthera about six years ago, surging completely over the Island at its narrowest part, and sweeping away several from a picnic party, who were enjoying themselves there, and little suspecting the approach of such a calamity. It was doubtless caused by a submarine earthquake. The part of the ocean around Ascension is remarkable for a surf which heaves up suddenly without wind, and those who wish to make a landing there must be hoisted out of the boat by means of a crane and swinging chair.—*Benjamin.*

The CONTRIBUTOR Souvenir Medal for 1885, presented to Dr. Ellen B. Ferguson for the Prize Christmas Story is a handsomely designed scroll, through which a pen is passed to form a pin, and the inscription is nicely engraved on the scroll. It is made of gold and is the third of the series of medals thus far given. It is among the future possibilities that the CONTRIBUTOR Medal will become of great value intrinsically, as well as an object of pride to those, whose literary ability it is designed to recognize and reward. The relations of the publishers with the writers for the magazine are made very pleasant by the establishment of this medal. For while it is no doubt a source of gratification to the latter to receive the prize, it is equally a pleasure to the CONTRIBUTOR company to bestow it; and the satisfaction of both is increased in knowing that it is representative of an improved literary culture and growth.

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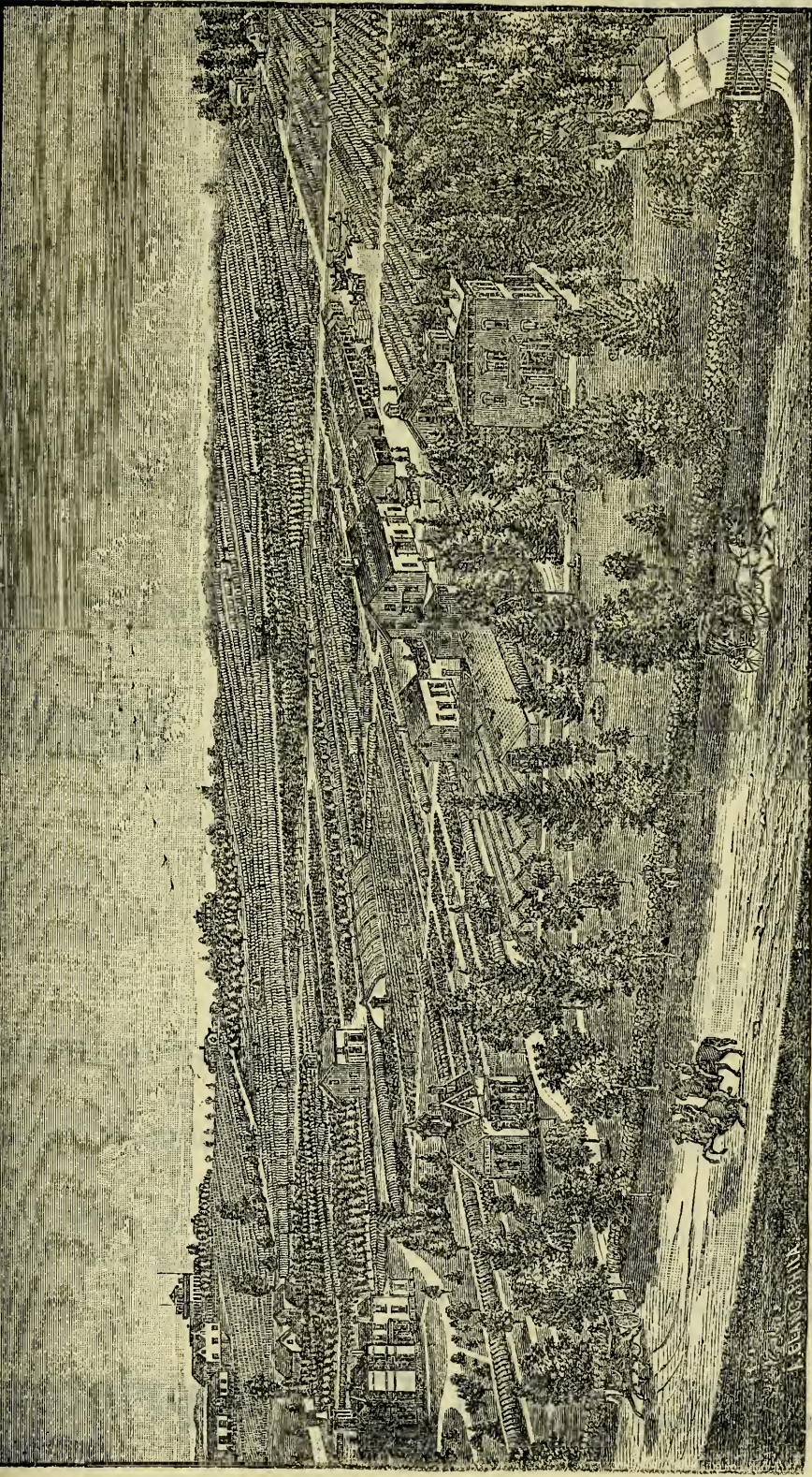
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